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The Washington Monthly

TO GROW OR NOT TO GROW: POLLUTION AND POVERTY

THE RITUAL OF WIGGLE:

FROM RUIN TO REELECTION

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Letters

Paying for NATO

Senator Percy ("Paying for NATO," July) puts persuasively the powerful case for a greater European contribution to the budgetary cost of our NATO forces. Certainly more of the financial burden can and should be borne by our NATO allies. I am not clear, however, whether Senator Percy is also suggesting that our actual participation in the NATO defense effort, as well as our share of the cost, should now be greatly reduced.

He suggests, for example, that we are bearing too much of the burden in terms not only of costs but of manpower. He also contends that "if this country can Vietnamize the war in Southeast Asia, it should not be impossible to Europeanize the defense of Europe." I would submit that this is a very large "if." It also, in my opinion, is a large non sequitur. It has been argued that our own national security interests require our disengagement from the Indochinese war. Our own national interests, however, are unquestionably served by our continued substantial involvement in the security of Western Europe.

During the next year, we are scheduled to spend for national defense well over $70 billion. In a sound ordering of national priorities, this is too much, and substantial reductions are essential. Today our national security is threatened far less from external attack than from our failure to meet and to master our pressing domestic problems. But since our defense planners must recognize that the Soviet Union has the power to pose a physical threat to the United States, whatever the unlikelihood of its exercise, two items in the defense budget remain of paramount importance.

One of these is the retention of sufficient strategic nuclear strength to deter any possible Soviet nuclear strike. And among our conventional forces, the maintenance in Europe of a significant number of American troops gives the most security for the least money. As Senator Percy has pointed out, the presence of these American forces redounds to the benefit of Western Europe. Accordingly, as the Senator urges, we should insist that our NATO allies bear on a current basis the local costs of maintaining these forces. But we should not overlook the fact that, whoever bears the cost, it is well worth it on both an absolute and a relative scale.

There has been peace in Europe for 25 years, apart from the fratricidal discipline exercised by the Soviet Union in Eastern Europe. The Common Market countries are stable and prosperous. Their sense of internal and external security has permitted them to take promising steps toward normalization of relations with the East Europeans. Any attack on the NATO nations by Warsaw Pact forces is regarded as remote in the extreme.

In light of these circumstances, many in the United States, including influential members of Congress, ask why we must continue to maintain some 315,000 Americans in uniform in Europe. In addition, a move to bring back American troops from wherever they are in the world is sparked by reaction to our Southeast Asian involvement. The failure there to win our way militarily has created widespread disenchantment about the use of American military power. Vietnam has also spawned apprehensions that the presence of American troops, in Europe or elsewhere, can only contribute to tensions and provoke military conflict in which we would automatically become a major combatant. But before yielding to these arguments, we should consider carefully whether, without the appreciable presence of American troops, the situation in Europe might become much shakier, cooperation among the Europeans more difficult, and the tensions between East and West be revived to an extent inconsistent with progress toward détente and eventual mutual troop reductions. If, as I believe, grave risks reside in any large unilateral American withdrawal from Western Europe, we should also examine the question whether it's really true that, with a reasonable assignment of our national priorities, we can't afford to continue to avoid running these risks.

The issue of U.S. troops in Western Europe can usefully be examined from three standpoints. The first is that of our NATO allies. Second is the probable impact on the Soviet Union and its bearing on our national security. Finally, the issue requires review from the standpoint of its impact on our ability to meet other priority needs at home.

The desire of our colleagues in NATO for a large American military presence can hardly be questioned. They see as the alternative a dis-

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mantling of NATO and a jumpy Germany. The NATO nations want an atmosphere of calm confidence in which progress can be made toward improved East-West political and economic relations. What they fear as the aftermath of a virtual liquidation of U.S. military participation is either panicky accommodation or, particularly on the part of the Federal Republic of Germany, a desperate resort to military build-up including the acquisition of a nuclear capability. Neither alternative would be consistent with their security interests, or with our own.

I believe it is illusory and self-defeating to counsel the Western Europeans that they should do more so that we may do less. They are far more likely to do more if we can assure them that American forces in Europe will not be reduced below the level of effective military capability. If there are drastic cuts in our present strength on the scene, NATO cannot retain the ability to withstand conventional attack by Soviet-led forces, and our NATO allies know it.

The last thing they want is to be left alone with a conventional capability that might someday be put to the test. American troops in visible and viable quantities lend assurance that NATO can cope with minor levels of conflict. Even more important, they provide a guarantee against all-out Soviet attack by giving reality to the nuclear deterrent. Our allies are convinced we won't stand by while four U.S. army divisions are overwhelmed.

This conviction as to the indispensability of a substantial American military presence must be taken into consideration when we seek to promote greater European cooperation in both military and economic affairs. West Europeans will do nothing which they fear would lead us to feel that we could remove the bulk of our troops. On the other hand, confidence in a continued U.S. presence at a significant level will leave the countries of Western Europe free to cooperate in the development of a stronger European identity. In this regard, I don't regard it as helpful simply to say that no troop reductions will occur until sometime in 1971. This reprieve appears to confirm the death sentence. The better course would be to work out with our allies the nature and scope of the reductions that can be adopted without real sacrifice of combat capability, and then to hold to this level until balanced force reductions become possible through negotiations with the Warsaw Pact.

The second key standpoint is that of the Soviet Union and its uneasy neighbors of Eastern Europe. As a control on their use of military force, American soldiers on the borders of Western Europe make highly unlikely any military response by the Soviets to minor problems or provocations. At the same time, the Soviets unquestionably recognize that the American-bolstered NATO forces pose no military threat to Soviet territory or to its buffer states in Eastern Europe. American military strength in Europe forecloses any reason for the kind of move by West Germany which would make the Soviets even more uneasy than it would the other West Europeans.

Finally, the maintenance of American troops in Europe should be considered from the standpoint of its impact on our internal needs. It can be argued, with considerable conviction, that no external threat compares in gravity to that of our continued inability to provide for all of our citizens a quality of life consistent with their needs and their aspirations. But there are prime candidates in our present defense budget for sizable savings. The elimination of anachronisms in our conventional forces and unnecessary redundancy and overkill capability in our strategic nuclear forces can yield billions for needed domestic programs. Moreover, we are told by Secretary Laird that, even after reductions, the total strength of our armed forces will be at the level of 2.5 million men. Accordingly, if all of our troops are brought home from Europe, these 300,000 men would still not be demobilized. They would constitute a continuing and even an increased cost in our defense budget. When 2.5 million Americans remain in uniform, it is logical, efficient, and even economic to keep some 12 per cent of them stationed in the area where they contribute most to world stability.

Unless conventional forces have become completely irrelevant, the bulk of our troops in Europe should be left where they are. Their withdrawal and basing in the United States would give some help to our balance of payments, but perhaps at the cost of increased budgetary expenditures. We should continue to seek from the other NATO nations balance of payments offsets and contributions to local maintenance costs. If these can be obtained, leaving our troops in Europe can actually mean a little more rather than a little less money for domestic use. But where they are, as they are, and even at our exclusive expense, they are still the best bargain on the current security market.

PAUL C. WARNKE
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Warnke is former Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs.

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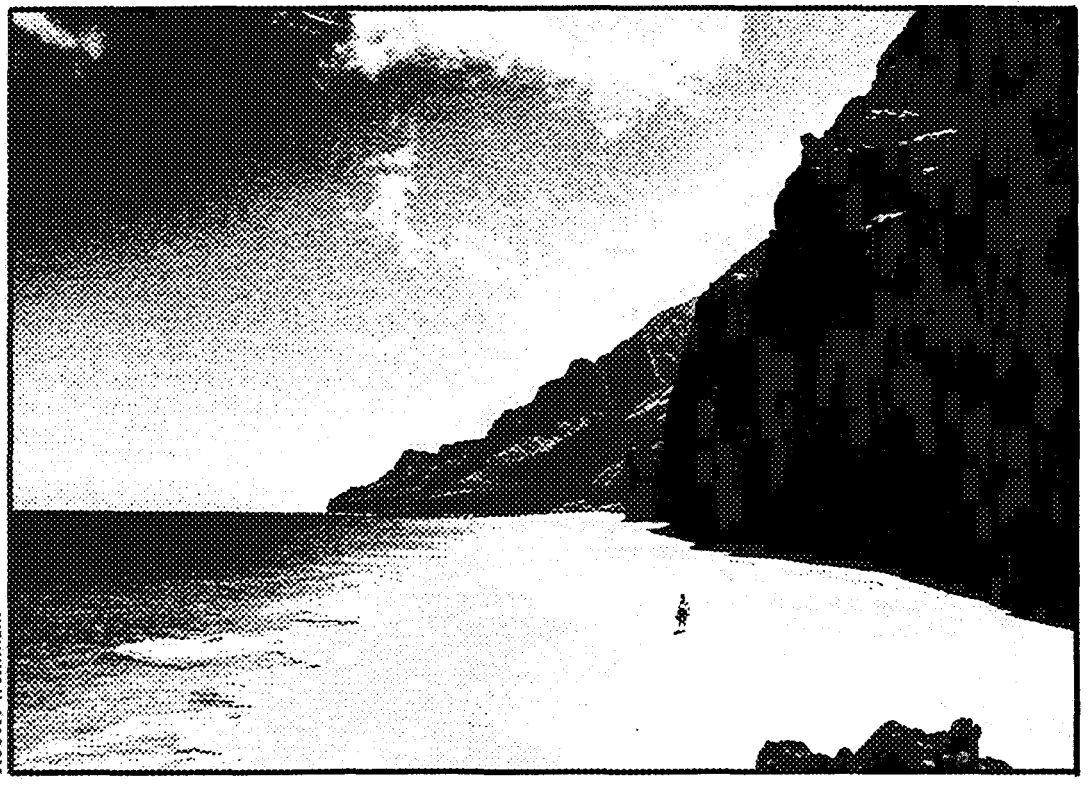
Running Against Growth in Hawaii

by Louise Campbell



Robert Wenkham

In the Honolulu zoo a Japanese sacred crane is near a nervous breakdown. Now unmolested by hawk or eagle, the elegant long-legged crane is nevertheless equipped with an instinct to eye everything flying overhead for possible danger. The Primal Programmer did not allow for airplanes, and the crane is so busy tilting its crested head to follow each warplane or tourist plane zooming in to land on Hawaii's golden beaches that it scarcely has time to eat or sleep.

Now that eight U.S. airlines are flying to Hawaii (five recently got Pacific routes that used to be dominated by PanAm), permanent residents are feeling more and more like the twitching crane. They are so upset by the tidal wave of

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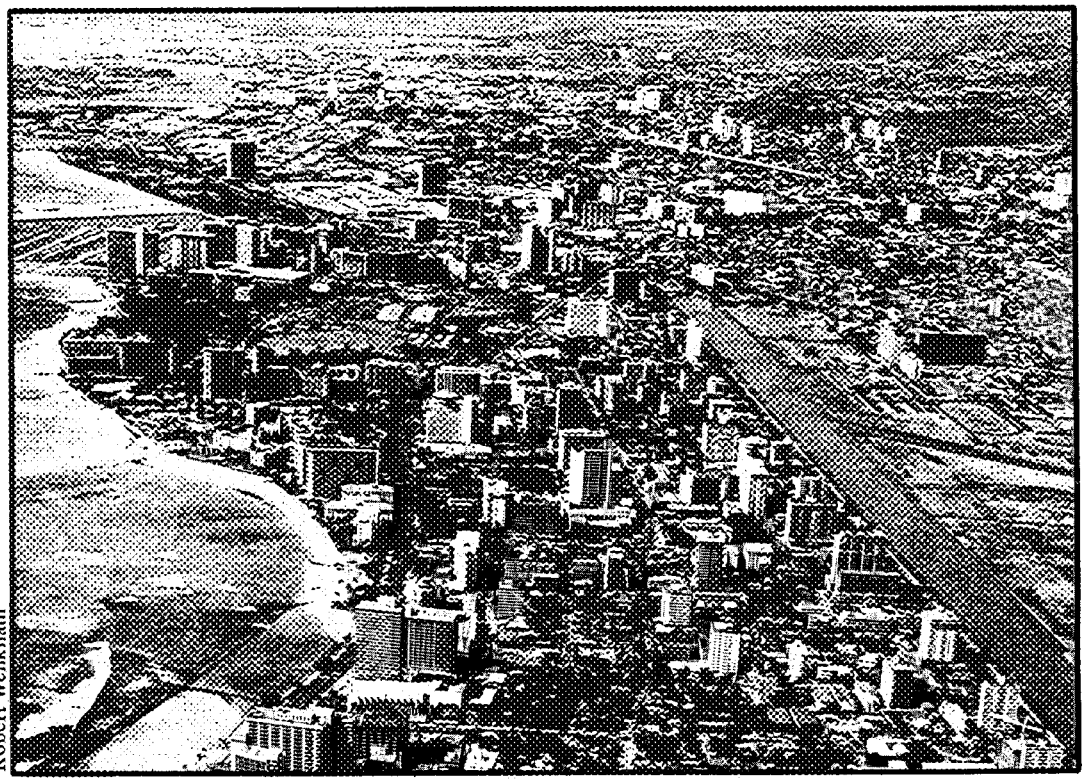

Robert Wenkham

tourists now washing over the Islands that they may elect a new governor this year. Lieutenant Governor Thomas Gill will contend in the October 6 primaries with popular two-term Governor John Burns for the Democratic nomination.

Gill is running on the grounds that Governor Burns has given away far too much to Hawaii's biggest nonmilitary industry—tourism. That's like running against the automobile industry in Detroit. If Gill wins, he will have done what is still impossible on the mainland: campaign successfully against the pervasive American belief in growth-for-growth's-sake, or, when in doubt pave it. At this writing, Gill seems likely to win on that platform. Since January he has consistently led Burns in the poll conducted by the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* (owned by real estate tycoon Chinn Ho, who helps bankroll the Burns wing of

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the Democratic party). Gill is running ahead because, at least in Hawaii, it is possible to combine economic self-interest with quality-of-life abstractions in one political package.

Hawaii's 800,000 permanent residents labor under the highest cost of living of any state save Alaska. Gill has been showing them exactly how the tourist boom has been pushing prices skyhigh. They pay higher taxes than citizens of any other state, and Gill argues that too much of the state's money is being used to build roads, supply water, and do other expensive things for huge tourist resorts. Two years ago Honolulu got its first Democratic mayor in 14 years because Frank Fasi, whom Republicans had discounted as a *shibai*, or put-on artist, promised to support a tourist tax and take other actions to protect this once-beautiful city against the tourists who wing in like so many hungry locusts (1.3 million last year).

Intense public interest in politics in this lively state is on Gill's side. The muffled way in which other state legislatures conduct their dry business is not the custom here. State government actions make headlines every day, while Washington often seems farther away than Tokyo. As many as 93.6 per cent of Hawaii's registered voters have turned out to vote for governor, while the all-time mainland high is 77.4 per cent.

Bleaching the Melting Pot

In this most exotic of states, *haoles*, or whitish faces, are a 40 per cent minority. The ethnic mix of the majority is composed of descendents of the first Polynesian explorers and of all the groups later imported to work the cane: 27 per cent are of Japanese origin, 14 per cent are Hawaiian or part-Hawaiian, 9 per cent Filipino, 5 per cent Chinese, and 5 per cent Korean, Negro, Samoan and others.

This vivid blend makes Honolulu a city like no other under the American flag. A few steps from a downtown block scarcely different from Manhattan is the black and gold lacquer of the beautiful Shingon mission, whose priests speak no English and whose outdoor shrine is like all those at which the Buddhist Hawaiian families burn incense. In the Chinese cemetery on the Punchbowl hillside where the Polynesians made their human sacrifices and not far from our national cemetery where the war dead sleep, old Chinese women can still be seen, kneeling to give the annual report to a husband long buried in some remote Chinese village. Thousands of families here still are careful to feed the dead, especially at the time of the year when hungry ghosts may threaten living sons. Many Chinese, richest of Hawaii's non-*haole* groups, still site their lavish homes with due regard to the magical forces of nature. Even in Waikiki's tourist strip, the old voice of Polynesia can still be heard in the haunting Hawaiian melodies. The Islands' missionary past survives in a manner undreamed of in New York: church services every Sunday morning in all the glittering hotels.

Most Hawaiians want to keep things this way. Even *haoles* dislike the present influx of refugees from the U.S. mainland who are coming to stay. These Aloha-shirted, middle-class immigrants bleach the vivid ethnic culture, and many conservative voters in Hawaii back fairly radical proposals made by locals who want to turn back the tide. Some think the federal government should use its interstate commerce power to ration both tourism and immigration to Hawaii. One Hawaiian conservation group has bought mainland radio time to persuade tourists to stay away.

It will surprise nobody that Lieutenant Governor Gill has the fervent support of Hawaii's youth, who expressed their political position at a recent Youth Congress by voting two-to-one for independence from the U.S. Nor will it be surprising that Gill draws enormous enthusiasm from egghead professionals who bulk rather larger in the Hawaiian population (80 per cent of which is concentrated in the Honolulu

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metropolitan area) than they do in any other state.

But what makes the New Politics look real in Hawaii is Gill's extraordinary ability to link the gut issue of what's in the blue-collar man's pocket with the concern about the environment that is agitating well-off professionals and the very rich, of whom Hawaii has a great many. Gill has been able to reach both ends of the income spectrum partly because the agony exacted by material progress is nowhere so plain as in the exploding growth of Hawaii. Over the last decade, the Islands' agricultural economy has been replaced by a land speculation and building boom set off by tourism and the onrush of those who hope to stay. "The world is flocking to Hawaii to live while it can afford to," said a *London Times* correspondent.

Uncle Sam and the Big Five

In some ways the new economy is more destructive of the things that make life worth living than the old tyranny of the Big Five companies. The Big Five (Alexander and Baldwin, American Factors, C. Brewer, Castle and Cooke, and Theo. Davies) were founded by missionaries and ship captains who parlayed financing into plantation ownership. The old crowd sold sugar and pineapple; and the new management is selling off the land itself.

Yesterday's agricultural feudalism made the life of the cane and pineapple workers, imported by contract and occasionally by kidnapping, almost as unbearable as the life of plantation slaves in the South, and it lasted nearly a century longer. Bloody massacres and prison sentences subdued Japanese labor organizers; and only in 1941 was the first union contract signed in Hawaii.

Democratic political meetings had to be held in dead of night in canefield clearings where the workers' camps were. Not until the famed all-nisei volunteer infantry regiment came home with the self-confidence and organizing technique learned in World War II combat did the Democrats begin to take power, led by veteran Inouye and John Burns, an ex-policeman who had protected the third of the Hawaiian population of Japanese descent from the FBI's zeal after Pearl Harbor. (It is interesting that while thousands of mainland nisei were interned and lost their property, the sheer size of the Japanese-American population in Hawaii, our major Pacific base, made internment impossible.)

Now Hawaiian sugar pays an average $30 a day, which its owners call the world's highest agricultural wages. Despite complete mechanization in the canefields, Island sugar can't compete with cheap labor elsewhere in the world and has lost much of its share of the world market. Pineapple suffered more; there is no machine that can cut ripe pineapple crowns. As a result, the Big Five and other major landowners have turned to the big money to be made in developing resorts for tourists or, even bigger, in the land speculation ignited by the mere promise of such development. They seem not to have asked themselves what will happen when they reach the end of the quite limited land available. The five major islands would all fit into New Jersey, and the rocky spine of mountains formed by volcanoes that broke through the ocean floor 25 million years ago, while providing scenic grandeur, reduces useable land.

Only military expenditures now bulk larger in Hawaii's booming economy than the dollars tourists bring. Local residents lump both visitations. They have long regarded the one-fifth of the Islands' population who operate the $5 billion military establishment (on northwest Oahu and large pieces of other islands) as a kind of tourist group—one up to some especially nasty attacks on the unsurpassed wonders of the sea-washed land where Mark Twain found life "one long delicious summer day." These include biological warfare experiments in the rain forests of the Big Island (Hawaii), now halted by protests, and the Navy's virtual destruction of a small island some seven miles off the coast of

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Maui by using it for bombing practice. Occasionally bombs drop in a beachfront sector heavily populated by an affluent community of permanent residents of Maui, but the best efforts of Hawaii's delegation in Congress have not stopped the Navy.

The military have an imperviousness to local needs that makes their whopping contribution to gross island income ($660 million last year) as hard to take as the high price exacted by tourism, which last year brought in $576 million. Both also contribute so heavily to price inflation, acute housing shortage, and destruction of the Islands' priceless environment that residents ask whether depression could be worse than this kind of prosperity.

Whatever goes on in the military mind is as hard for local residents to penetrate as the top secret base in the Waianae mountains outside Honolulu closed even to military personnel below field grade. "You can't reach them," a Honolulu urban planner said. "They own more land than they know what to do with, but even though we desperately need land for housing, they won't even talk to us."

Despite the studied aloofness of the military occupation, no one is under any illusions as to its power—as irresistible as the demand for human sacrifice before the oblivious wood figure of Kukailimoko, the ancient god of war now to be seen in Honolulu's Bishop Museum. The carved wood idol, whose giant mouth and complete lack of genitals would have interested Freud, is a symbol of the breakdown of the once-peaceful Polynesian society. When Hawaii's priests began demanding human sacrifice, some historians suggest, the prosperous island kingdom sickened and became vulnerable to the Western traders who followed Captain Cook.

The Hustler in Paradise

Wages are good in the new tourist industry being built on land withdrawn from agricultural use. But prices have climbed even higher, and to meet them more wives go to work in Hawaii than anywhere else in the U.S. While tourist hotels spread over Hawaii's fertile valleys and big ranches, an ever-increasing amount of the food supply is shipped from the mainland. For food and all kinds of goods, the markup is far more than the cost of shipping. Federal Maritime Commissioner Helen Bentley found a television set priced at $550 in Honolulu that was selling for $300 in San Francisco. The Honolulu storekeeper said the freight rate was responsible. "The rate on that item," Mrs. Bentley said, "was $5."

This is the classic style for Hawaii. For decades, the Big Five have controlled consumer prices by ownership of most wholesale and large retail outlets and by majority ownership of the Matson shipping line, which brings in most of the freight. The tourists and new settlers simply make things worse by bidding in a short market. The most severe crunch is in housing, almost double the cost of comparable units on the mainland. Only the Big Rich like Doris Duke and Clare Boothe Luce can afford hidden seaside palaces. Most of those in the upper salary brackets live in high-rise condominiums. These, along with resort hotels, are the products of a building boom so feverish that a start on the enormous need for less profitable housing for the rest of the population has been impossible.

Despite increasing assaults from wealthy mainlanders, the Big Five corporations and seven big estates still dominate the Hawaiian economy. They do so because they own 71 per cent of all privately owned land. The control of these big owners is augmented by the leases they have obtained on state lands on what local critics consider far too favorable terms. In Hawaii, the state owns 38.7 per cent of all land, a higher percentage than any other state. The federal government owns almost 10 per cent, most of it in military hands.

Some 72 owners hold 91 per cent of all privately owned land, or 10 times as

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much as the nearly 800,000 persons who make up all the rest of the population. Some 70 per cent of all new houses on Oahu were last year built on leased land; small home owners pay ground rents of staggering size. The concentrated ownership feeds a land speculation that dwarfs the forgotten Florida boom of the Twenties at its most frenzied.

In Hawaii both economics and politics still turn on land. The Democratic political victories of the last two decades were a revolt against an agrarian feudalism only a little less severe than the agrarian regimes overthrown by revolution in Cuba and China. The Hawaiian zoning game is played with fervor. The way to overnight fortune is to persuade the State Land Use Commission (whose members are appointed by the governor) to rezone agricultural land for residential use. Conservationist Robert Wenkam lost his seat on the Land Use Commission by relentless opposition to such rezoning. He contends that both local tycoons and mainland speculators are kicking the land use law to pieces while showing up as Burns' financial angels.

Texas tycoon Troy Page is a friend of Governor Burns, who has lent a helping hand to developers in a building free-for-all on the Big Island. Population there is only about 70,000, but over 90,000 lots are already laid out in paper subdivisions, many on the bleak lava lands of the Kona coast. Such small slices of paradise sell briskly, often by mail order, only to be lost at tax sales as buyers confront such realities as lack of water and access and the high cost of building. Local feeling is running so high against the lot sales that enough signatures have been obtained for a referendum to put the subdivisions on the ballot this fall.

A six-lane freeway is being built along the largely uninhabited Mauna Kea coast of Big Island, and great water supply systems have been installed. Although there is already a jetport at Hilo, on the other side of the island, that receives direct flights from the mainland, Governor Burns pushed through a plan to add a second big jetport not far from Mauna Kea. The Dillingham Corporation is interested in building a nearby refinery to provide fuel for the jets. "With such surrounding development and the noise of jet planes," a planner said, "this now spectacular island landscape will be about as inviting as the backyard of Kennedy International."

Divided on Booming

Recent political history has been shaped by the rise of men who opposed the excesses to which both the military and economic overlords of Hawaii have occasionally been tempted by the very size of their power. The careers of Governor John Burns and Senator Daniel Inouye, who together toppled the Republican political hegemony of the Islands after World War II, began in this way.

What Democratic rule now amounts to in Hawaii is that the old corporate and estate land owners are subject to political decisions which they cannot always control. They can no longer count on the big state land pool as being entirely at their disposal. And by zoning law unparalleled elsewhere in the U.S., the state of Hawaii has the power to control land use. Insurgent Democrats, especially Hawaii's fierce band of conservationists led by Robert Wenkam, argue that Burns is using these great public land powers to aid a Nouveau Riche class.

Today economic power in the Islands has a new face. Yesterday's political rebels, such as Governor Burns, have become the middle-aged custodians of a new marriage of public power with private interest. The great power of the labor unions, engine of yesterday's social advance, is being used chiefly to pull out as large a share of the joint plunder as possible. But in this insular Shangri La a New Politics is indeed taking shape in Thomas Gill's unique campaign.

Gill, a Berkeley law graduate who looks something like the younger Cary Grant, is witty and articulate, able to

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move adroitly against every Burns fumble. He pays no speechwriters and is so forthright as to be—or so Democratic regulars like to claim—his own worst enemy. "Tourism," Gill says, "is eating up all our resources—land, labor, financial capacity." He has advised mainland speculators to "quit and go home."

Gill is that supposedly unmarketable political commodity—an intellectual. Sophisticated, urbane, he is an ideal politician for Hawaii, where a buoyant liberalism with deep roots in the ethnic struggle and the highest literacy rate of any state provide a unique political climate. Much of this is due to the influence of Japanese-Americans, who compose not only majority membership in the skilled trade unions but also a politically powerful professional élite. Gill also has a surprising strength with the Hawaiian bloc and the even poorer Filipinos. They know him as the former head of the state's antipoverty agency, a post to which he was appointed after losing as the Democratic contender for Senator Hiram Fong's seat.

How much Gill will take of the union vote, the big stake in Island politics and the vote that more or less rules out Republican recapture of the governorship, is anybody's guess. Gill is receiving solid support from the teamsters, hotel workers, electrical workers, meatcutters, and some of the building trades unions. One of the most conservative of Hawaiian unions, the machinists, is for him. Burns, however, is often said to have the powerful longshoremen's union, which delivers more than 25,000 votes. And the AFL-CIO is so split that a majority of its membership walked out when the representative of the state federation tried to obtain an official endorsement for Gill. No one will really know about labor's preference until the primary votes are counted.

Burns' campaign is liberally funded and being run by an expensive mainland ad agency. Gill's purse is slender, and his managers, advisers, and poll-takers are volunteers, including some "brain trusters" from the University of Hawaii. As the man in power, Burns has been able to press the state legislature into funding programs that will help, for example, a long-delayed omnibus housing bill do something about the awesome housing shortage. Both men seem to be trying hard to avoid the kind of nonhealing breach that might lead to Republican victory.

This year's drop-off in U.S. tourism as recession spreads over the mainland has had an anti-Gill effect, to the extent that it reinforces Burns' warnings that only continued state efforts can keep Hawaii's prosperity going. Some of the drop has been offset by the rise in visitors from Japan. But Japanese tourists are not big spenders, line up industriously in the sightseeing buses instead of the bars, and swell the higher turnover and lower per head take of the new packaged tourism. The days when U.S. millionaires arrived on Matson liners with their own Hispano-Suizes are long gone.

The View from Diamond Head

What helps Gill more than anything else is the fierceness with which all ethnic and economic groups in Hawaii defend their land, where nothing can change the rhythm of the surf and the caress of the tradewinds, cooled by a thousand miles of ocean and fragrant with the scent of frangipani and plumeria.

Everybody, for example, turned out last year to save Diamond Head, the mountain (and state symbol) whose seaside slopes were being rapidly covered by high-rise hotels and condominiums. Diamond Head millionaires funded the fight and both the building trades and hotel workers unions joined in. The head of the building trades group said, "We want jobs for our members but not at the cost of ruining Diamond Head." As a result, the Honolulu City Council voted to condemn 32 acres of Diamond Head land, the most expensive land in the city, for a public park. The decision involves the expenditure of many millions since it

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authorizes the city ultimately to tear down a number of high-rise buildings already built—something like demolishing a half-dozen of the Fifth Avenue blocks that face Central Park.

Gill tries to make clear that he is not against all tourism. He believes, along with the highly creative architects and land planners who work in Hawaii, that saving what is unique and alive in the Islands' own culture and landscape is the best way to keep Hawaii what a Gallup poll once found it to be: the place most Americans want to visit.

One of the most talented of the land-use planners, George Walters, points out that cane and pineapple fields, now vanishing beneath the spreading asphalt, are the very sights many tourists come to see. "Why travel," Walters asks, "if it means nothing more than whizzing around in a sealed tourist bus only to sink exhausted in front of a television set in a standard hotel room? We've got to stop paving everything. Modern life demands planning, but at the heart of the plans must be respect for the natural world, the essential mystery of man's fragile survival on this planet, that the Orient knows so well."

Gill is deeply immersed in the how-to-do-it. He can marshal an encyclopedia of facts on ending the Islands' dependence on Salinas lettuce and Idaho potatoes, on the feasibility of tropical strains of corn and sorghum to feed Hawaii's beef cattle, on how to use state power to guide all building development, and on how to free housebuilders, now captive to whatever prices the wholesalers (who ship in most building materials) ask.

In his zeal for exploring these and other new directions, Gill seems to suit the political mood of the Islands, where cross-cultural ferment has produced an electorate more open to new ideas than any other in the U.S. Hawaiians like change, and change is what Gill means, a change from the exploitive politics dominant in both the Islands and the mainland.

"Here," said the sober-sided London *Economist*, "the American dream is still fresh and untarnished. What other state can make that claim for itself?" Despite the inroads of the last decade, only some 800,000 people share the 6,500 square miles of Hawaii, as compared to seven million crowded into about the same space in New Jersey. Here air and water pollution doesn't come from neighboring states. Metropolitan government, dream of beleagured mainland cities, is here a reality; the Honolulu City Council has jurisdiction over the island of Oahu, each of the other islands is governed by a County Council. "Here," a local architect said, "everything is still possible." The October 6 primary will be an important measure of how much of the possible can be realized. ■

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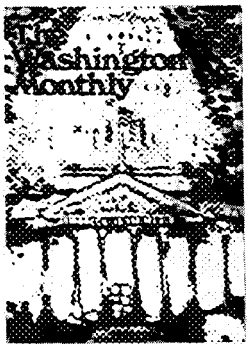

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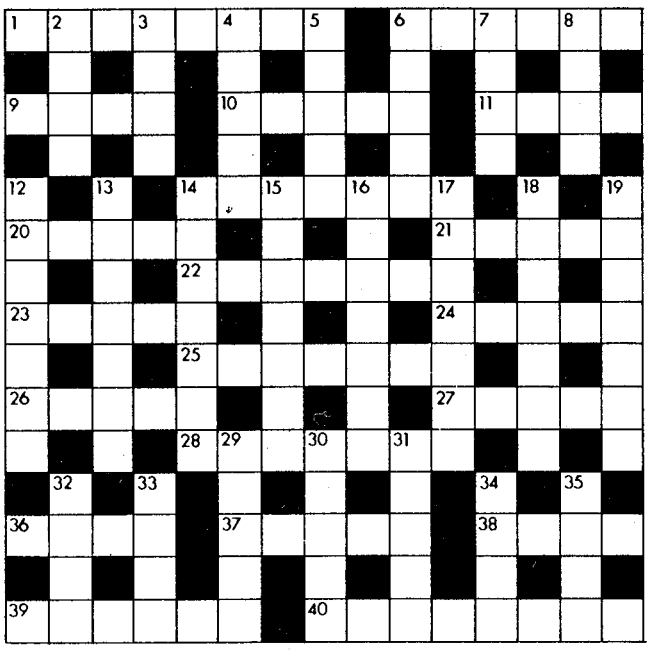
The Political Puzzle

by John Barclay



Across

1. After Martin, brave nun was leader. (3,5)
6. Tory Al came back from Mexico to lead. (6)
9. Wilson followed the raft, not her. (4)
10. Not a mason but second best on the line. (5)
11. A thinking man, not thin, makes top leader. (4)
14. Leader, yet follower of 12 and 19 Down. (7)
20. Leading Democrat's leader in main dialog. (5)
21. Leader may often make noise pleasing to ear. (5)
22. No canoe race, sir, with these portages. (7)
23. Point or mate. (5)
24. Innocent back at the spa. (5)
25. Twins OK Aspen perhaps? (3,4)
26. A game that offers much to win. (5)
27. Steel speaks louder than words. (5)
28. Casual thing, i.e., evening wrap. (7)
36. Kind of a dot. (4)
37. Physicist could not be more positive nor firmer. (5)
38. Buffalo follower. (4)
39. Retired in Mo. he can get rum and coke. (6)
40. Found in a bunch an early leader. (8)

Down

2. A mad man was a very early leader. (4)
3. Could it be an oral assault? (4)
4. Way to call for aid or entertainment. (5)
5. At 1600 drop in on "X". (5)
6. Faithful follower is not to be forgotten. (5)
7. Kay's pets? (4)
8. Pastoral sound comes in OK. (4)
12. Center between 40 and 14 Across. (7)
13. Leader notes vast Red movement. (7)
14. Hole or heights, Andy's handy. (7)
15. Leader was a drag in H.S. and later. (7)
16. Take French leave from winter sport sulk? (4,3)
17. How has son seen any reason in this? (2,5)
18. This avenue ranks first in Wisconsin. (7)
19. A rose by any other name would be less important. (7)
29. Not serious in main funeral. (2,3)
30. Why should he rob on Israeli height? (5)
31. End of back pain makes official take off. (5)
32. It is better to fly, not roast. (4)
33. Brush off in hardest task imaginable. (4)
34. Two degrees and foreign minister still doesn't know which end is up. (4)
35. Leap to answer criminal charge. (4)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to this month's puzzle will appear in the next issue. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 43.

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Congress and Pollution: The Gentleman's Agreement

by Douglas Ross and Harold Wolman

"When it comes to the environment," observed a conservationist Senator not long ago, "I'd guess you have to say that we have an informal understanding to talk big and carry a little stick."

"Everyone in Congress realizes that it's a good issue to talk about back home," he continued, "because everyone there is for it. But those of us who know enough to be critical also know that the public is not ready to pay the price to really restore the environment. And nobody here wants to destroy the myth that Congress is militant on this issue: it would ruin a good thing for the Congressman and his colleagues."

Other new issues of the past few years—civil rights, Congressional control of foreign policy, the level of military spending, and the like—have produced the bitter disputes in the halls of the Capitol, the political divisions and alliances, and the floor fights over the final form of bills which mark these issues as genuine legislative concerns. To date, however, the fulmination over the environment has generated little conflict or debate, save for the feudal and somewhat carnival jousting by committees and their chairmen to determine who will win jurisdiction over this politically popular domain. In fact, this subject, which has been dubbed the "issue of the

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decade" by *Time*, *Newsweek*, and countless television documentaries—the crusade which many regard as the last and best hope for consensus in a strife-torn country and which some have gone so far as to see as the potential source for the transformation of American politics—falls under a kind of bipartisan "gentleman's agreement" in the Congress. The basic tenet of the agreement is that the ecology issue should remain a preserve for the rhetorical flourish which draws bountiful press coverage but which poses few political risks.

The environment is not yet even a political issue—the kind of problem which finds its way into election campaigns. Bussing, crime, and the Vietnam war are providing the focus in many Congressional elections, while a quick survey of the major races across the country must discourage those who look for anti-pollution politics to restructure the economic system. There is only one important election, the governor's race in Hawaii, where different views on pollution rank as a significant issue between candidates. Virtually no one is being attacked as soft, or hard, on the environment.

Finally, despite the enactment of six major water and air pollution control acts over the past decade—all by unanimous votes, or with overwhelming majorities—the quality of our air and water continues to deteriorate. In short, on those occasions when environmental concern has been translated into legislative action, the results have been inadequate and ineffective.

And there is no way to avoid Congress. Efforts to clean up present and to prevent future pollution will require federal legislation. The problems demand the kind of money only the federal government can provide. Even quality standards, if they are to be effective, must be national rather than state-wide in application, since varying state standards will simply allow industry to move if the costs of polluting become too high. Indeed, some states would probably keep quality standards low for the sole purpose of attracting industry, even polluting industry, just as some states (notably New Jersey) now attempt to attract industry through low tax rates.

The Committee Jungle

Some aspects of the Congressional system seem designed to frustrate efforts to make real inroads into environmental problems. For example, no single committee in either house handles all legislation relating to ecology—the responsibility is divided among a tangle of competing committees and subcommittees in both houses. In the Senate, committees considering some aspects of pollution legislation include Public Works (particularly the subcommittee on Air and Water Pollution), Commerce (the subcommittee on Energy, Natural Resources, and the Environment and the subcommittee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries), Interior and Insular Affairs, Labor and Public Welfare, Government Operations, Finance, Agriculture, and a corresponding variety of Appropriations subcommittees. In the House, the following committees claim a piece of the pie: Interstate and Foreign Commerce, Public Works, Government Operations (Natural Resources and Power subcommittee), Merchant Marine and Fisheries, Science and Astronautics, Interior and Insular Affairs, and Agriculture.

The most important consequence of this government by division is not the oft-cited ill effects on policy coordination, for that assumes there is policy to coordinate. The real dire consequence is that few, if any, Congressmen join these committees solely because of the legislative interest in redeeming the environment. Congressmen usually seek appointment to committees which can help them score points with major interests in their home states. Not infrequently these major interests are antithetical to environmental interests.

Air pollution, for example, is the province of the Public Works Committee in the Senate, chaired by Senator

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Jennings Randolph of West Virginia. Randolph's major interest is not pollution, but protection of West Virginia's coal industry; and he originally joined Public Works because that is the committee which exercises the greatest impact on the mine operators. Not surprisingly, Randolph can be counted on to oppose effective efforts to come to grips with air pollution if the coal industry's interests are adversely affected. The chairman of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, which handles air pollution in the House, is also a West Virginian with similar interests, Harley Staggers.

Pesticide legislation meets similar obstacles in its prescribed course through Agriculture committees. These bodies are filled with Congressmen from Southern cotton states which are heavy users of DDT. (Two-thirds of the DDT used for farming finds its way to cotton crops.) Senator Everett Jordan of North Carolina is chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee's Research and General Legislation subcommittee, which handles pesticide bills. Twelve pesticide bills were introduced in Congress in 1969, but none received so much as a committee hearing. Should legislation handled by these committees somehow pass, it would still have to survive the sharp surveillance of the Agriculture subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee in order to be funded, and this subcommittee in the House is chaired by Representative Jamie Whitten of Mississippi, a cotton-state dixiecrat.

Seeking the High Profile

Much of the apparent Congressional activity on the environment does not even concern legislative content but involves a jurisdictional scramble to determine who gets to speak forcefully from a committee chair about clean air and fresh water. The politics of this struggle are byzantine, even by Congressional standards. Senator Henry Jackson, chairman of the Interior Committee, has long concerned himself with resource conservation in the more traditional sense. Recently, however, Jackson has pushed to concentrate water pollution administration within the Interior Department. Senator Edmund Muskie, the leading pollution fighter in the Senate, has in turn fought to keep control of both air and water pollution legislation in his Public Works subcommittee and has favored HEW as the logical focus of federal pollution control.

In 1969, Jackson introduced the National Environmental Quality Act which ultimately established a Council of Environmental Quality in the White House to conduct ecological research and to review and coordinate environmental action by federal agencies. Jackson's proposal was also introduced in the House by Michigan Representative John Dingell, chairman of the Fisheries and Wildlife Conservation subcommittee of the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee. Despite the efforts of Wayne Aspinall, chairman of the House Interior Committee, Dingell's subcommittee maintained control of the bill. When the bill passed Congress, Jackson's committee in the Senate and Dingell's subcommittee in the House had established jurisdiction over the Council which then appeared to be the future focus of the government's pollution and environment efforts.

But Senator Muskie immediately responded by introducing a bill to establish an independent anti-pollution agency. The proposed agency was designed to carry out the actual operation of most of the federal anti- pollution and environment programs, just coincidentally, of course, also stripping the Interior Department of its primary role in that area. To the surprise of nearly everybody (most certainly to the surprise of the Interior Department), in late June President Nixon announced a reorganization strikingly similar to Muskie's proposal, calling for the creation of the Environmental Protection Agency within the White House to run nearly all federal anti-pollution programs. By centralizing the politically

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popular pollution programs under his exclusive control at the White House, the President can not only take direct credit for pollution fighting efforts, but he can also prevent spending excesses that threaten to upset his budget plans. And though this presidential action has partisan consequences and threatens various Congressional interests, it is unlikely to encounter serious House or Senate opposition, for the reorganization has left the basic political rules of the environmental game intact. The boundaries of the gentlemen's agreement have been respected.

Understanding the nature and causes of this environmental restrictive covenant requires a careful look at the obstacles the Congress would have to overcome if protecting the nation's environment were to become more than a paper priority.

Money is Thicker Than Water

Cleaning up past pollution provides the easiest starting place for a government campaign to save the environment. Restoring the quality of the nation's rivers and lakes, for example, is primarily a matter of spending enough money. And since water pollution control appropriations go for public works that funnel federal funds and jobs into large numbers of Congressional districts, such spending ought to be popular in Congress. Water pollution accounts for more than 80 per cent of all federal expenditures on pollution control and prevention.

Why haven't we gone ahead and rescued our stinking rivers and dying lakes? The fact is that cleaning up America's polluted waterways demands far more funds than either the President or Congress is currently willing to provide.

Last year, Congress appropriated $800 million for water pollution control —a sum which, although $200 million less than authorized, was nonetheless three times greater than President Nixon had requested. Yet, according to Senator Muskie, "If we were to catch up on the backlog of untreated municipal wastes alone—this does not cover industrial wastes—we would have to spend $25 billion over a five-year period. If you were to add industrial wastes, I suspect we would have to double that figure."

In other words, by Muskie's own reckoning, an effective attack on past water pollution alone—excluding efforts to prevent future pollution—would run $10 billion a year, probably half of which would have to be financed by the federal government. And Muskie's is a conservative estimate compared to some environmentalists'.

Therefore, Congressmen serious about pollution abatement must advocate more than a 500 per cent increase in current federal spending on water alone. A quick look at the federal budget reveals areas of fiscal waste, such as military spending, that might be tapped to provide the extra $4 billion annually. But, to date, efforts to substantially reorder prevailing budgetary spending patterns have failed, and there is little hope of success in the foreseeable future.

There are several other possible alternatives for finding funds. Congress could raise federal taxes. But as Senator Tydings explained, "Anyone who believes raising taxes is a viable political alternative at this time is obviously not up for election." Having witnessed the electoral fate of those governors who dared to raise state taxes in recent years, this course is about as popular on Capitol Hill as appearing at peace rallies with Jerry Rubin. No one even talks about it. The feeling is that, while Americans want pollution controlled, they will not react favorably to Congressmen who raise *their* taxes to control it.

Other environmentalists are counting on obtaining the needed funds from additions to federal revenues produced by general U.S. economic expansion (the growth dividend) and an end to the fighting in Southeast Asia (the peace dividend). However, even if a substantial growth-peace dividend should unexpectedly materialize, it is hardly reasonable

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to assume that a sizable portion of this surplus would be allocated to pollution control. Other problems, pushed by powerful national organizations, are waiting in the wings to compete for additional federal dollars.

The blunt proclamation of George Wiley, director of the National Welfare Rights Organization, suggests the opposition to large expenditures on pollution abatement which groups that do not share the environmentalists' priorities will provide. "Pollution is a priority issue right after we do away with poverty," Wiley commented recently, "and that means a $5,500 guaranteed income for everybody. After we have accomplished that, we can begin the fight on pollution."

It is not difficult to comprehend why America's minority groups and her poor do not believe pollution has the strong claim on federal resources envisioned by the environmentalists. "We haven't given it a very high place on our list of priorities," explained Clarence Mitchell, the NAACP's influential Congressional lobbyist. "Spending on pollution control comes after we take care of the problems of low income, poor housing, and inadequate medical care. Once we get these accomplished, then we can go into the fringe areas such as cleaning up rivers and air."

The predominantly white, middle-class National Education Association, on the other hand, claims to regard the environment as a priority matter. As Stanley McFarland of the NEA put it, "Pollution is high on our list of priorities. We would hope there could be a re-emphasis towards domestic priorities and areas like education as well as pollution." But when asked whether the NEA would favor pollution over education if only a small fiscal dividend materialized, McFarland replied without hesitation that "our major interest, of course, is education. Hopefully, it won't be an either/or question, and we will have enough funds available to do better in a number of areas."

Hard allocation choices, if not either/or questions, are unavoidable. And at this juncture, few of the powerful interests competing for limited federal funds put the environment at the top of their lists. It remains everyone's second choice, and no serious group ever gets past its first choice.

Odds against the environmentalists winning a substantial share of future federal surplus funds are lengthened further by the absence of a strong environmental lobby in Washington. Unlike the traditional conservation lobby with its sportsman-wildlife focus, the new ecologically oriented groups (Friends of the Earth, Environment!, Zero Population Growth, Environmental Action) lack the resources and sophistication to be politically effective. As one House staffer described it, "Once you separate out the old-line conservationists, you don't have much left but long hair and a lot of enthusiasm."

Higher Hurdles

The second stage of any comprehensive strategy for environmental protection—preventing future deterioration—presents even more difficult problems. For, in addition to enormous funding constraints, the movement to save Spaceship Earth from future disaster confronts political roadblocks constructed out of strongly held societal mores, rigid consumer habits, and giant concentrations of economic power.

Public policies to restore the environment will clash inevitably with the nation's demand for unfettered economic growth. Many ecologists contend that efforts to preserve the environment are doomed until economic growth *per se* is prohibited. Thus, John Fisher declared in *Harper's*:

> . . . our prime national goal, I am now convinced, should be to reach Zero Growth Rate as soon as possible. Zero growth in people, in GNP, and in our consumption of everything. That is our only hope of attaining a stable ecology: that is, of halting the deterioration of the environment on which our lives depend.

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Paul Ehrlich, going Fisher one better, advocates economic contraction, or "dedevelopment" as he calls it.

These radical dedevelopers often obscure the difference between non-polluting growth in services, which also adds to the GNP but not to smog, and the forms of basic industrial growth which are inevitable pollutants. But the fact remains that sound environmental policies and certain kinds of economic growth are incompatible. Industrial production is the source of most environmental harm, and the conflict with powerful economic interests implicit in such a situation constitutes perhaps the most formidable political barrier to meaningful environmental legislation.

Deflating the Air Act

The Air Quality Act of 1967 provides a good case in point. Air pollution is basically a fuels problem. Eliminating dangerous emissions from fuel combustion requires technology to remove the pollutants from the air, or if developing such technology appears improbable, the substitution of safer fuels for harmful ones.

There is general agreement among air pollution control experts that the only way to achieve this elimination is through enactment of federal emissions standards applicable to all major industries, whatever their location. However, any attempt at regulating fuel use strikes at the very heart of America's energy-based economy and quickly arouses the opposition of what Ralph Nader has labeled the "energy establishment." Consisting of the oil and coal industries, the natural gas suppliers, the utilities, the automobile corporations, the atomic energy industry, and major fuel consumers such as the steel industry and railways, this mammoth combine is a virtually irresistible political force.

The Air Quality legislation President Johnson sent Congress in January of 1967 originally called for national industrial emission standards covering every important industry. "Had we enacted and enforced those White House provisions," a Senate staff man working in the area explained, "a huge amount of the air pollution that is poisoning all of us today would have been eliminated."

But according to *Vanishing Air,* the report of Nader's task force on air pollution, Congress never even seriously considered those national emissions standards. When the Air Quality Act of 1967 finally was signed into law by President Johnson, nothing resembling emissions standards remained. The energy establishment didn't have to twist any arms. "There was no need for that," task force director John Esposito declared. "The gentlemen's agreement was in effect; Congress realized it had nothing to gain by taking on this concentration of economic power. They left it to Muskie to disguise this retreat with the trappings of victory."

The only overt industrial lobbying related to the act was undertaken by the coal industry, and the ease and completeness with which the mine owners secured their objectives is instructive. In 1967 when the coal industry learned that HEW was about to publish a report on sulphur oxides, a dangerous pollutant produced by coal combustion, which would justify an executive order requiring air pollution controls at federal facilities by 1968, the industry decided to intervene. The considerable power of the coal industry, under the virtuoso direction of coal lobbyist Joe Moody, was quickly mobilized to discredit the report's findings and delay its publication.

Senator Jennings Randolph of West Virginia was set to work intimidating HEW. In a series of letters to Department officials, Randolph in effect argued that a determination of the health hazards posed by sulphur oxides should be postponed until technology was developed to control sulphur oxides emissions from smoke stacks.

What is incredible is not Randolph's willingness to employ such obviously specious reasoning, but Congress' readiness to accept it. HEW did formally publish its report in March of 1967. But less

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than five months later, the Congress obliged Randolph by passing the Air Quality Act with a provision that "...any criteria issued prior to enactment [that is, sulphur oxide criteria]. . . shall be reevaluated. . . and, if necessary, modified and reissued."

With a minimum of effort, coal had succeeded in burying the government attack on sulphur oxides deep in the bureaucracy, where it languished out of sight for another two years. According to Nader's task force report, Joe Moody, flushed with victory, claimed that he had personally written the entire Air Quality Act of 1967. Most environmentalists on the Hill were inclined to believe him.

Even if the Air Quality Act had been made tougher by Congress, industry pressure could have been applied to the responsible federal bureaucracies in order to prevent rigorous enforcement. Senator Philip Hart of Michigan recently complained that "there are many instances where standards set by administrative agencies are pitifully weak, and even those are often not enforced."

Until now, Congress has been able to mute conflicts between environmental considerations and the demands of unbridled economic growth largely by ignoring the environment. This conscious sacrifice of environmental needs to the sanctity of American industry's prerogatives has been so easy to accomplish primarily because the public has been kept completely in the dark. However, the growing electric power shortage facing the nation promises to bring future clashes between environment and growth out into at least a dim light.

Dilemmas of Power

In the eyes of most environmentalists, electric power plants are both the substance and the symbol of what must be stopped if the planet is to be rescued. To begin with, electric power plants are among the worst polluters in the country. Generating more electricity means generating more air and water pollution, given the present state of technology.

Electric power is also seen as a symbol of the forces threatening the environment. It is the energy source for the innumerable appliances and gadgets that characterize our mass consumption economy—an economy which ecologists believe is inherently destructive. So for both ecological and theological reasons, the electric power front is likely to be the scene of the first open clash in the environment-growth battle.

Here, too, the prospects for an environmental victory appear slim. In the first place, a Congressional vote for the environment in this context means a vote against the entire energy establishment. Recognizing the threat this would pose to the fundamental growth ethic that provides American business with both its purpose and its profits, the utilities would undoubtedly find willing allies throughout American industry.

It is questionable whether the utilities would even need to bother forming these alliances given the degree of political influence they already possess. Recently, a Southern Democratic Senator and a Midwestern Republican colleague were chatting in the Senate cloakroom about the states where money from a very few sources can control politics. According to one, "The utilities literally own the politics of nearly all of the Southern states, many Midwestern states, and the Western states with the exception of California." Since Congressional power in many important environmental areas still resides in the hands of Southern committee chairmen, the utilities probably already have sufficient political muscle where it counts to stop any legislation attempts to limit their growth.

In addition, a vote for the environment would be a vote for electric power rationing and restricted use of numerous consumer goods. Is the average American sufficiently committed to ecological preservation to give up his dishwasher, his second TV, and his bedroom air conditioner? John Heritage, Senator Gaylord Nelson's staff expert on environment and one of the architects of

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Earth Day, is pessimistic: "I am just skeptical that Congress will do anything to visibly reduce the voters' standard of living. The power question will be the real test of how far the nation is willing to go to preserve the environment. I hope I'm wrong, but my fear is that the force of consumer demand will simply overwhelm the environmentalists' demands for planned power shortages."

Conflicts between environmental concerns and constituent demands create serious political problems for even the most dedicated environmentalists in Congress. Senator Jackson, a long-time conservationist and now an environmentalist, has been the leading Senate supporter of the SST, the supersonic transport attacked for the environmental damage it will cause. Jackson, who represents Washington, the home of Boeing and a state dominated by the aircraft industry, now suffering substantial unemployment, could scarcely have ignored the obvious political imperative he faced.

Similarly, Senator Muskie, probably the most consistent environmentalist in the Senate (it was his major concern long before it was a popular public cause), has been criticized for his support of the building of an oil refinery in Machiasport, Maine, a relatively unspoiled area which would be endangered by pollution if the refinery were built. However, this unspoiled area itself is characterized by the abject poverty and unemployment of its residents, many of whom would derive jobs and income from the refinery. Muskie, obviously caught in a classic political bind, first supported the refinery, then declared himself neutral after he was attacked by conservation groups.

John Dingell, another long-time environmentalist, was recently caught in much the same situation when New York Representative Leonard Farbstein introduced an amendment to pending air pollution control legislation which would, in effect, have banned the internal combustion engine within the decade. Dingell, despite his unquestioned concern over environmental pollution, opposed the amendment. His Detroit area district includes the Ford River Rouge plant, the largest automobile production plant in the world as well as Local 600, the largest local unit of the United Auto Workers. The dilemmas of Jackson, Muskie, and Dingell are examples of the crunch all Congressmen must face at least a few times each year. A look at recent public opinion polls helps explain why the choice made under duress is so often anti-environmentalist in nature. A Gallup Poll published on May 13 asked citizens to choose from a list the three national problems they would like government to devote most of its attention to in the future. Reducing pollution of air and water was mentioned by 53 per cent of the public, second only to crime, which was selected by 56 per cent. However, only a month later the Gallup organization asked citizens to name the most important problem facing the country. This time those interviewed were not given a list to choose from. In apparent contradiction of the earlier results, pollution did not even rank among the top 10 problems, and in fact was named as top problem by only two per cent of those replying.

The contradiction, however, is more apparent than real. Pollution and environmental concerns, despite their recent vogue, simply do not impress most Americans as a problem of major concern to themselves or their country. Pollution control efforts are viewed as good and desirable, the kind of government activity which no citizen of good will could really oppose—but which also will not engender tremendous disaffection or adverse electoral consequences if not seriously undertaken.

It may be that the environmentalists' worst fears will be borne out—that nothing short of disasters will shock the American people and their elected representatives to recognize that preserving our planet requires more effort and self-sacrifice than one day of homage to Mother Nature each year. ■

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The New Agrarians

by Taylor Branch

A great deal of agrarian thinking has seeped into the nation since concern for the environment achieved respectability. A profound conservatism accompanies Earth Dayism, making people skeptical of new products and processes, in short, of progress. Americans are beginning to recognize that many familiar landmarks of affluence—automobiles, food additives, medicinal drugs, air conditioning, nuclear power, pesticides, laundry detergents, jet planes, and the necessary production processes—are quite mysterious in their long-run evolutionary effects, having existed only 50 years or so, while natural balances evolved over ages.

Many people have become convinced that any manipulation of the environment is fraught with peril—that nature will win in the end, even if it takes 100 years for strontium 90 to rot our bones, for DDT to poison our tissues, or for some drug to mangle our chromosomes. This attitude produces some bizarre stances on economic matters. When oil companies began drilling for oil in Florida's Everglades, for example, an aide to conservative Governor Claude Kirk said, "We can only pray for dry holes." Such a prayer would have been inconceivable five years ago. Similarly, Harvard pathologist Dr. Samuel Epstein recently argued that marketing a new detergent enzyme would mean playing "chemical roulette" with the human body, even though the proposed new product had survived more testing than hundreds of items currently on the store shelves. Not too long ago he would have been dismissed as a professorial nuisance from some garden club—mere litter in the march of progress. After all, new products meant new jobs for the growing young population, and new consumer welfare. They still do, but there is a new way of looking at progress which recognizes its dangers.

In the Environment issue of *Saturday Review,* Norman Cousins captured the new spirit in rather cosmic fashion:

> With all his gifts, man has been able to effect vast change, making his life different from that of those who have lived before. His capacity for invention, and his sense of creative splendor have constructed great civilizations. But he has never been in command of his own work. He has never been in balance. The result today is that, for all his brilliance, he has thrown himself all the way back to his primitive condition, in which his dominant problem on Earth was coping with his environment.

Taylor Branch is an assistant editor of The Washington Monthly.

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Another writer summoned nostalgia for the good old pre-pollution days:

> In most societies man has adapted himself to the environment with plenty of intelligence to secure easily his material necessities from the graceful bounty of nature. . . .But the latter-day societies have been seized—none quite so violently as our American one—with the strange idea that the human destiny is not to secure an honorable peace with nature, but to wage an unrelenting war on nature. . . .
>
> This is simply to say that progress never defines its ultimate objective, but thrusts its victims at once into an infinite series. Our vast industrial machine, with its laboratory centers of experimentation, and its far-flung organs of mass production, is like a Prussianized state which is organized strictly for war and can never consent to peace. . . . Our progressivists are the latest version of those pioneers who conquered the wilderness, except that they are pioneering on principle, or from force of habit, and without any recollection of what pioneering was for.

These lines could have been delivered by Eric Sevareid on one of the CBS ecology specials, but they were not. Instead, they were written 40 years ago by critic-poet John Crowe Ransom in a collection of essays called *I'll Take My Stand.* Ransom and 11 other Southerners, including Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren, and Stark Young, wrote the last agrarian manifesto—defending the plantation order against the onslaught of industrial blight and sin—before the Depression relegated the farm ethic to oblivion. Today, no self-respecting American would recommend the rural life to his offspring, even if it paid. The cultural stigma is itself too much.

Agrarianism is essentially a passive world view, in which economic fortunes depend more on the whims of nature than on the efforts of men to control them. Farm economics are ruled as much by a cyclical, seed-to-harvest nature as human life is ruled by the cycle of birth, life, and death. Not having escaped the second cycle, the agrarians deem it ultimately meaningless, and perhaps treacherous, for men to base their self-esteem on conquering the first. This static picture of the universe fosters a submissive, religious conception of man, and theories of evolution and progress strike a threatening blow to the entire structure of order. When progress required that you farm to make money, not to make a living, the authors of *I'll Take My Stand* replied that "a farm is not a place to grow wealthy; it is a place to grow corn." This view is quite traditional and out of line with the entire twentieth century, but so is agrarianism.

I'll Take My Stand is, on the whole, a nasty book, as the authors spout almost mint-julep vintage racism while betraying the fact that they like the old agrarian order because they view it from the top down. Their romanticized notions of the farmer's glory were not convincing to the farmers of 1930. But the underlying Jeffersonian philosophy seems sincere, and it is so similar to the current ecological thinking that logic suggests a common evaluation for them—something on the order of "very nice, but it won't sell."

This judgment is far too harsh for such early application to the emerging ecologists. There is evidence, however, that schemes for protecting the placid good life inevitably produce something quite different. The legacy of stubborn agrarianism in the South, for example, is the quietly vicious poverty, which afflicts the dislocated citizens, black and white.

Having been tossed about in the media for some years, statistics on rural poverty have lost a good deal of their potential impact. If one reads, for example, that the 1960 median income of black families in Quitman County, Georgia, was $1,132, he is not likely to feel the experience of a family of five living on $25 a week. Neither is he likely to imagine the conditions of that half of the population lying below the median. In southwest Georgia, it is common for the average black adult to get along with

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about half the education and less than half the income of his white counterpart, with a few more mouths to feed. And many of these counterparts themselves fall far below the accepted standards of poverty, averaging family incomes of $4,000-$5,000 and eight to ten grades of education. These statistics reflect acute poverty within poverty, the kind in which you die quietly when sick. Yet almost nothing has been done for these people, because their silent isolation and the superficiality of the statistics have made them invisible.

John Saddler, for example, has not been heard from. He may be found alone in Terrell County's cottonfields.

Seen from the road, he once appeared dwarfed by a large straw hat as he stooped over a young cotton plant, gingerly tapping the surrounding earth with his hoe in a technically obsolete operation. Stumbling over the clods of dirt that stretch for 200 yards down the row under Mr. Saddler's attention, a stranger observed that the figure couldn't be more than five feet tall and that it seemed to pull the hoe with very little arm movement, using a kind of rocking motion to swing the body and the hoe together.

"Hello. I'm a student trying to learn something about the crops in this part of the state and I really don't know much. Could you tell me something about what you're growing?"

He paused for a long time, looking up at his white visitor from under his hat with some puzzlement concealed beneath his normal impassive stare. He had received precious few strange callers in his lengthy lifetime, and none from so diffident a white man.

"Well, sir, I don't rightly know much about this here, sir. I'm just a field hand, you know, a day laborer. You better go talk to the owner in the house across that way."

"Oh, I don't want to talk to him about business or anything. I just want to know a little something about what's in the ground here."

"Well, I can tell you that this here's cotton, and that 'cross the field there is corn, early corn. And that 'cross that next field, you got your peanuts."

Mr. Saddler was dressed in faded blue coveralls so large that the baggy legs completely hid his feet. The coveralls were open from the shoulder strap to the waist, revealing the absence of underclothing and a stretch of bare black skin. Offered a cigarette, he accepted gratefully and remarked that he usually smoked just about anything he could put together from local crop leaves, but seldom real filter-tipped cigarettes. Grasping a tendered supply of reserves, he proceeded to take off his hat, remove a wrinkled country smoke from behind his ear, replace it with a stately Marlboro, and tuck all the leftovers carefully into his pocket. One simply doesn't take tobacco windfalls lightly.

His uncovered head showed the closely shaven white stubble of an old man with a wrinkling scalp. John Saddler answered several trivial questions about the local crops and about the weevils before the visitor initiated an introduction. The old man's handshake was weak and clearly uneasy, but he seemed much less threatened than at first. He thought a little before giving his name and address. Then he added a zip code, leaving the white man to marvel at the improbable tidbits of modernity which drifted into his other country. When he smiled after limply shaking hands, the old man showed the pale gums of one who has not had teeth for some years.

After lamenting the heat and the current drought—topics of perpetual interest in farm country—the visitor felt comfortable enough to speak of local conditions. He launched a halting monologue about the lack of economic progress in the county, the difficulties that he heard some people were having with the county welfare board, and about how he wished he knew the people of the county better.

"Well, yes, I do need help," said John Saddler, picking the subject of most immediacy for him from the awkward probe. "I been up to the welfare office

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two or three times looking to see could I get me a check. You know, I ain't never been on the lady's roll up there. She told me I had to be 65 and said she would trace it and write me a letter. Next time she told me it was real important for me to show how old I am. Now I always want to tell the truth to anybody—I don't know how old I am in years and months. I know I'm pretty old, so does everybody else, but my folks wasn't married and I come up the best way I could. They tried to send off to Atlanta to find my birth something, but I never got a letter. My sister told me one time that I was born in 1905. That means I'll be 65 this coming birthday. But I really don't know because she kept our records in the old Bible—it was a mightly big one too, with a lot of sanctifyin' in it—that's been gone since she got burnt out about 20 years ago. I ain't got nothing to show my proof."

The conversation was drawn out by long lapses. The old man would lean on the hoe, and each person marvelled at the enormous gap over which his words travelled, and at how hot it was. Perspiration dripped from the nose of the white man, irritating him with its tickle, but the old man stood underneath his big hat and didn't sweat at all. After looking around uncomfortably and rejecting scores of potential subjects, the visitor would stammer forth with a new line of inquiry. He delivered a textbook statement on the importance of local elections for control over local law enforcement, welfare appointments, industrial development, educational policies, and a host of other matters which concerned the poor people of Terrell County. Embarrassed by the inflated language in which he discussed political ideas, he then asked John Saddler if he thought that a voter registration campaign would be helpful.

"I reckon so," he replied routinely, plainly struggling to make a connection between the way he was treated by the white people and the mysterious, rather absurd, paper ballot. "I don't know much about that 'cause they never let me go to school."

The visitor began to feel naive, and gnawingly cruel, about standing there talking to a black farmhand about voting in Terrell County, Georgia; but he asked if the old man would mind telling how many years of school he had finished.

"Well, I don't like to tell this to anybody," he whined painfully, squinting up into the sun as he steadily rubbed the rough hoe handle, "but I suppose it's always better to tell the truth than to tell a lie. Well, I got through the first grade and started into the second. But back then I was kind of living around from family to family 'cause my folks weren't around. You know, I'd stay with relatives for a couple of months a throw, near relatives as I had. The people I'd stay with told me I ought to be working for my keep and to help out."

The old man's voice was a continuous drone from somewhere deep within his chest, and the harsh sound was very imperfectly chopped into words by his languorous white tongue. His speech was quite animated, as if in compensation—punctuated by constant waving of an arm which age kept bent at the elbow, and by a rumbling laugh that always threatened to interrupt his words.

"Have you ever been able to vote, Mr. Saddler?"

"This last go 'round was the first time I ever voted—when Nixon was elected. I went up and reddished, my bossman took me up there. He told me all the colored were voting for Mr. Humphrey, so I voted for him all right."

"Did he tell you anything about the people running for sheriff or county commission or anything around here?"

"Well, no, they didn't let me vote for no local things, just for President, you know, between Humphrey, and Nixon, and George Wallace," he said proudly.

"Your boss sounds like he might be changing a little."

"Yes, but he's got to go clean across the river," intoned the old man, who broke into a deep, quiet laugh, shaking his head. He continued by recounting the hard times that had fallen upon both

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the owner and his workers.

"Well you know he ain't got many of the colored left to pay. I can remember when there were 35 or 40 families all in a row of houses on his farm. But there's only about six of us left. He still don't pay hardly enough to get skinny on. I can't work more than half a day now, and shouldn't be doing that. Don't do nothing but poke around out here and get hot. A good field hand will get about five dollars a day, but I don't get near that. Last week, he gave me three dollars and the week before that he gave me nine dollars. No big farmer around here wants no field worker that's going to get out here and stop working. He wants somebody that can go all day. I ain't one of those any more, and I ain't sure what he's going to do with me."

The old man always seemed relieved that a new question continued the friendly tone of the previous ones, as if he expected a dramatic reversal and a stern reprimand at any moment. However, a trend soon became evident: John Saddler became more at ease and talked freely of his children, whom he did not expect to return to the county for his funeral, and of his past, while the white man became increasingly like a frozen observer, trying to abstract himself out of the situation in dreams. But the visitor was shaken by the knowledge that John Saddler was literally useless and that any efforts to help him through local channels would almost surely backfire. He knew, moreover, that he could take such spectacles only in small doses and that the old man represented a very poignant mixture of sensitive human intelligence and subhuman degradation. His human appeal rendered the tiny, fearful sphere of his life absolutely unacceptable, but there. And the problem would not respond to any of the crisis manager's tools in Washington.

His replies became increasingly long; and presently, he began to break the pauses himself in broken, gushing monologues.

"I sure could use some fixing up, too, so I won't hobble around all the time. A man's got to keep his legs working or he'll dry up. I got two things down here around my nuts as big as your fist, and the doctor told me they got to come out," he said, reaching as if to cup himself in support and nodding toward his widely spaced feet. "These things hurt me mighty bad. They came on me last year when I was picking up metal over in the tractor shop, and the doctor told me they weren't never going away by themself. I got to go to the hospital about them, but the welfare lady's got to write me about that too, 'cause I can't even buy a piece of a hospital bed."

John Saddler then said he reckoned it wouldn't be a good thing for the bossman to see him standing around in the field talking to a strange white man, and the latter was roused from his hypnotic ordeal. The visitor mumbled something about helping out pretty soon. Failing to convince himself, or, by his look, John Saddler, that the comment had any concrete meaning, the white man hesitatingly fumbled in his pocket while looking the field hand in the eye. He pulled out a five-dollar bill and handed it to the old man without speaking. The black man's eyes became riveted to the money, and his body stiffened even though his face remained blank. He reached out and grabbed the piece of paper with its bearded, long-haired emancipator, and immediately began a long series of bows, nods, and fawning, darky-like assurances of gratitude to his benefactor, who felt nauseous. John Saddler reached into his coveralls for his handkerchief and dislodged the stick which occupied the same pocket. While the stick lay on the ground, he folded the bill into a clump of paper a little larger than a postage stamp, placed the treasure in the middle of the dirty rag, and tied the money into a protected pouch with a tight little knot. All this was accomplished with extreme deliberation. Then he picked up the gun-shaped stick, which he used for more delicate operations in the soil, and stuffed it in his back pocket along with the handkerchief. After a faltering exchange of goodbyes, the black man

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began tapping the earth again, and the white man trotted between the rows of cotton back to his car.

There are hundreds of thousands of John Saddlers in the rural areas of the South, out around the tiny courthouse towns which dot the countryside. The black farmers owe a large part of their plight to the racial beastliness of white men, but both races prefer the country out of some overriding set of values. From this perspective, the curious aspect of the courthouse town is not its racism but the attitude which makes people want to go fishing or to church rather than to get ahead. The withered farm ethic is responsible.

Most of the courthouse towns will dry up, and perhaps a few will develop; but in any case rural agrarianism cannot endure much longer. As the plague of John Saddler finally dies in the South, it seems to reappear in the ideology of ecology. That is not to say that a new agrarianism would return everyone to rural poverty levels, of course, but it would create some problems like those of the old South. The environmentalists would have us slow down, be wary of new products, and shun the compulsive need for growth and progress. People would have to live again with a notion that has become almost extinct in modern times: that life will be much the same 200 years hence as it is now. It will be virtually impossible to begin thinking in the old agrarian mold again.

It will also be impossible to reinstitute the relatively static agrarian economy as long as there are jobs, competition, and markets. New efficiencies and new people keep the economy moving, which means that everyone dependent on the market must seek new jobs and new products—even if the products are contrived and the jobs boring. No one thought he was more independent of the market than the old agrarian farmer, but the moving economy got him.

This means that a new agrarianism would require an unlikely revolution in the way we think and organize ourselves, a requisite which introduces a second group of modern agrarians—the new young radicals. They object to the moving economy on grounds similar to those of *I'll Take My Stand*—that the modern hustler is coarsely materialistic, blindly insensitive, and consumed by the desire to "get somewhere" in the world. Having decided to get along rather than get ahead, they become the conscience of an economy that does seem to be moving "from force of habit," in Ransom's words. A hippie is a secular agrarian, an earth person.

The death of rural agrarianism is coming more than 50 years too late. The only conceivable benefit of such tardiness is an educational one, for Americans may now witness and learn from the pain on both sides of the Industrial Revolution within their own country. The advanced sectors of the economy struggle with the affluent society, conglomerates, media advertising, the economic bureaucracy, and the diseased environment. Meanwhile, the declining rural areas conclude a sultry debate that is roughly comparable to the sixteenth-century arguments over usury in the Catholic Church.

I tell the story of John Saddler as a caution to those who would sacrifice economic growth for other values—such as clean environment and a less cutthroat attitude toward other people. These values are good and must be affirmed, but there must also be a better economic life for people like John Saddler.

No system exists that can guarantee both the secure tranquillity of the farm ethic and the material advancement and change of the hustlers. The challenge—to have economic growth without environmental or ethical damage—is a personal one. We could each absorb the message of the new agrarians, and perhaps even discover a new entrepreneurship, creating enterprises that give people enriching work without making the world ugly or dangerous. ■

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The Ritual of Wiggle: From Ruin to Reelection

by James Boyd

This is the era of the impeached Congressman. As of this writing, one Member is in jail, two are under indictment, a former Member was just convicted in Trenton, one has been censured, one expelled, four defeated after ruinous press exposés, and several are being held in protective custody by the Attorney General. And if the ratio of detected to undetected offenders is as low within Congress as without, there lurks a batallion of nervous legislators, each of whom feels a premonitory twinge every time he reaches for the morning newspaper.

Among the intelligentsia, an impugned legislator is as much ridiculed as the streetwalker was until Dostoyevsky explored her whys and found a saint. Perhaps we dote too much on the shady politician's final bequest to us—the poisoned meat or the polluted water or the tax hike or the sandy cement that causes our neighborhood school to cave in—to properly savor the brighter scenes of his act. Recall Adam Clayton Powell on Bimini, hiding out from the law with Miss Ohio; or Hugh Addonizio lamenting to the judge that being on trial for extortion all day was impeding his reelection campaign by limiting him to nighttime rallies; or Senator Dodd daring God to strike him dead if he were lying, while colleagues inched out of range; or the great Dirksen, at Governor Stratton's trial, telling the jurors that it was perfectly proper for Stratton to pocket the campaign funds and not pay taxes, because if the first lady were to appear regularly in public, didn't she need lots of corsets and step-ins and frillies? So even when you consider the poisoned meat, the act is still funny. Besides, we're going to get the crash landing anyway, so why not enjoy the sleight-of-hand and the feats of levitation while we're airborne?

And what we enjoy we study. We go to the circus and laugh at the clowns; if we are of an inquiring bent we begin to notice that what at first appeared as madcap foolery is in fact the unfolding of a painstaking art, and our mirth becomes tinged with understanding, respect, admiration. So it is with our apprehension of the indicted solon. Old Porky up there on the platform amid the

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**"What is honor?
A word.
What is that word,
honor? Air.
A trim reckoning!"**

—Falstaff, in
Henry IV, Part I

red, white and blue bunting—weeping his heart out after avowing his innocence before God, while the wife and kids embrace him and the crowd cheers—is not the slob he seems. Off the stand he is quite sensitive and stoic. Study him from month to month as he fends off conviction and wriggles toward reelection: you will see that what at first seemed spontaneous idiocies, the desperate acts of an inferior man at bay, are instead integrated parts of a ritual as exacting and delicate as the hand fluttering and eye rolling of the Balinese dancer.

When Congressman James Michael Curley, a cultivated man who read Shakespeare aloud in the evening, chose upon his release from prison not to slip quietly home but rather to be met by five brass bands, it was not that he was uncouth. He was grappling with the enigma of modern politics: how to be at once both a defendant and a candidate. The politician cannot run for office and at the same time plead insanity or take the Fifth or turn state's evidence. As defendant, he must hide from snoopers and process servers; as candidate, he must be everywhere accessible and seem to confront all accusers boldly. As defendant, he must be secretive, devious, sullen; as candidate, open, forthright, gregarious. As defendant, he must measure his every word; as candidate, perjury is a way of life. Even as he enters into stipulations with the prosecution, he must shout his innocence. He teeters through the minefield with one eye on the jury and one on the public, and so to the undiscriminating it looks like an elephant's ballet. But there is logic and precision to it all.

The moment which launches all the bawdy gaucheries to come is always a solemn, interior one. Usually it begins on the telephone. Senator X phones his office one morning and young Foster tells him in a squelched voice that Jack Anderson has exploded a stinkbomb in his 600 newspapers—the slush fund, the Swiss bank account, the works. The Senator's strength drains out in a puddle. He slumps in a flaccid heap and stares glassily at the accusing phone; the knowing place in the pit of the stomach sinks into infinity. Helpless tears come and hysteria ferments. It is the moment of maximum hazard to a political career; a too-defiant denial, a tell-tale dodge, an injudicious admission can in a flash proliferate into a major investigation and undo 30 years of patient conniving. The Senator's glazed eyes conjure up news-

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paper headlines, the dock, the recall of Congressional credit cards, the cell door clanking shut. But it need not be so. Of all the colleagues to drink from this cup in the past 10 years, only one, Representative Tom Johnson, actually did a stretch. Most escape with nothing lost save honor. They laugh again, prosper, and get reelected. And those who don't, if you study it, have invariably botched up their defense by straying from the rules and precedents carefully developed by the elders.

Rule 1. *Admit nothing until you know the worst; if it looks like a one-shot affair, hide till it blows over.*

The redeeming facet of a scandal is that people soon forget. Yesterday's tax evader, Robert E. Tehan, is today's federal judge in Milwaukee. Who remembers now that in 1964 Senators Sparkman and Smathers went through their secular Gethsemanes when their peculiar banking and investment ventures were headlined during the Bobby Baker hearings? No one, except the keeper of newspaper morgues, because they did not rush forward to testify and clear their names. They played possum, there was no follow-up of any consequence, and today they remain esteemed public figures. When Congressman John Dent was shown by *The Wall Street Journal* to have violated the Corrupt Practices Act, he yawned, remained incommunicado for a spell, and his seniority still accumulates. Senator Dirksen was for years hounded by reporters for the details of his fabulous law practice in Peoria, which somehow commanded fat retainers from many of our greatest corporations; but he'd always shush-shush the reporters with his mock curlicued wrath and he took those details to the grave. Now they are planning statues in his honor.

One of the more effective non-defenses was made by Julian G. Sourwine, chief counsel of the Senate Internal Security subcommittee. It was shown at a Senate hearing in 1967 that Sourwine had knowingly passed a check for $2,500 that bounced in a Las Vegas bank. Moreover, he had duped a Senator into endorsing the check, and the Senator eventually had to make it good. This was a rather delicate matter, for Sourwine was and is the chief Senate watchdog against security risks in government, people who, for instance, get in such desperate financial straits that they write bad checks in four figures. Had the matter received a second day of publicity it might have been farewell for Sourwine, but the foxy old Red-fighter just shut off the phone switchboard and hid for a while; and the charge faded, uncontradicted but forgotten.

Sometimes, of course, circumstances just won't permit waiting out the squall. Sometimes reporters have the answers instead of just the questions, or the blow may fall in the middle of a campaign, or it may be so explosive that one has to respond. For such occasions, study the following rules.

Rule 2. *If you must speak out—confess to what is known, evade what is unknown, and cry.*

The ritual of the bogus public confession of the no-longer-hidable has been popular ever since Grover Cleveland publicly confessed to bastardy. On that day, Cleveland, who theretofore had been known mainly for drinking beer in the back rooms of Buffalo saloons, became "Mr. Integrity." No one remembers the President Cleveland who sent troops into Chicago to help the railroads beat up starving strikers; all that remains is the sturdy image of the benign old walrus who owned up and made his support payments.

Senator Richard M. Nixon's 1952 Checkers performance is perhaps the classic in this genre. Up on slush fund charges, he confessed frankly to having received a puppy for his infant daughters and to having kept his wife in a cloth coat; his slush fund disappeared in a flood of congratulatory telegrams, never to reappear. On a tawdrier but nonethe-

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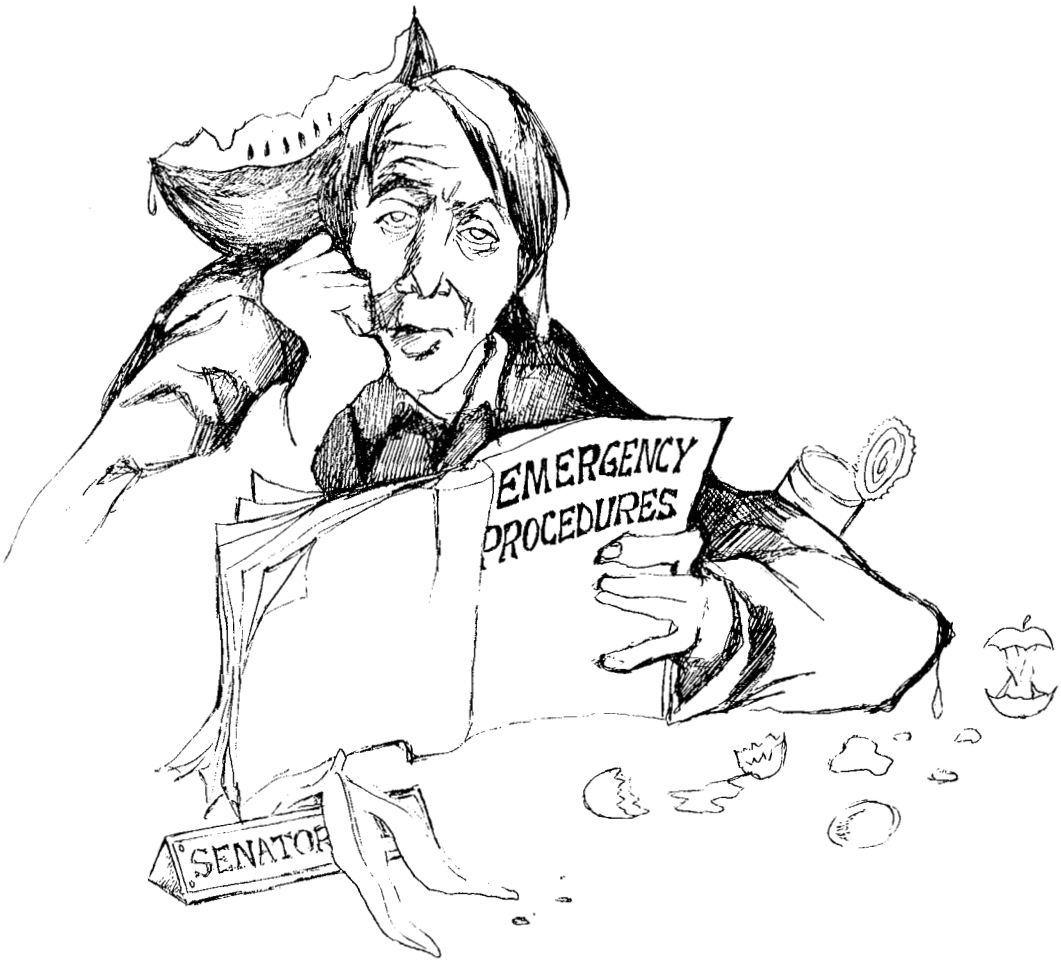

less effective level, Thaddeus Dulski, chairman of the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee, just broke down and bawled when it was revealed in 1967 that he had accepted an $11,000 purse from the postal unions and the third-class mailers while he was authorizing legislation to raise postal salaries and cut third-class rates. His tears washed away the suspect $11,000, and nothing more has ever been heard of it.

Rule 3. *If at all possible, give the money back—or at least give it to someone.*

According to his defense counsel, Senator Thomas Dodd was in jeopardy of a long prison term if the Senate convicted him, as was recommended unanimously by its Ethics Committee, of having fraudulently charged the government for travel expenses actually paid by others. So Dodd gave back the $1,767 to the Senate disbursing office, and the Senate dropped the charge by a vote of 51 to 45. Emboldened, Dodd offered to refund any of the $116,000 in campaign contributions he had diverted to his personal use, if the donors asked. "Even if I have to sell my shirt," he said. But that one didn't wash and the Senate censured him 92 to 5. Apparently, the offer wasn't imaginative enough. He should have consulted John Byrnes or Seymour Halpern of the House. Congressman

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"A favorite device is the 'very close friend' who is always doing wonderful things for you and expects nothing in return. . . ."

Byrnes was shown in 1964 to have helped obtain a favorable tax ruling for the Mortgage Guaranty Insurance Corporation and to have then bought restricted stock on advantageous terms not available to ordinary citizens. Five days after exposure, Byrnes announced that he was giving the stock to Scholarship, Inc., for aid to deserving youths. Case closed. In 1969, Seymour Halpern, ranking Republican on the House Banking Committee, was revealed by reporter Jerry Landauer to have put himself $100,000 in hock, mostly in unsecured loans to banks which were vitally interested in matters before Halpern's committee. The documentation was so airtight it made even reporters feel sorry for Halpern, an amiable man with a beautiful young wife and a flair for high living. But the Congressman rose to the challenge with a virtuoso application of Rule 3. He announced that he would pay back the loans by auctioning off his prize collection of famous signatures, the passion of his life which he had been devotedly gathering from early childhood. What more could be said?

Rule 4. *If partial confession and restitution fail to stem the headlines, arrange a quickie exoneration from a semi-respected source.*

The traditional sources are (a) the House Speaker, (b) the respective chairmen of the Senate and House Ethics Committees, or (c) the Attorney General. Milton Friedman has observed that all regulatory agencies soon become fronts for the malefactors they are supposed to regulate; certainly this is true in the Congress. There are so many precedents here that the difficulty is to sort them out for the model most appropriate to the occasion.

Less than 24 hours after Representative Dulski was accused, Speaker McCormack summarily cleared him without a look at the documents. Career saved.

When it was disclosed that Senator George Murphy was one of the politicians being subsidized by California tycoon Patrick Frawley—Frawley gave Murphy unrestricted credit cards, paid half his rent, and threw in $20,000 a year; Murphy in turn watched movies for Frawley on a special screen Frawley had installed in Murphy's apartment—the Senator immediately produced a statement from Senate ethics watchdog John Stennis that there was nothing improper about this arrangement. Before that, Chairman Stennis turned in the same verdict for Senator Edward Long of Missouri. *Life* had revealed that for years Long had been receiving a $2,000 check each month from M.A. Shenker, attorney for imprisoned Teamster boss James Hoffa. Long contended this was "shared fees" for several cases he was helping Shenker with, but no proof was ever published that this was so—nor was any explanation given why the "shared fees" always amounted to $2,000 a month. It was messy, but after a private probe Chairman Stennis declared "not guilty."

Before Stennis, the ethics watchdog was Senator Everett Jordan of North Carolina, who presided over the Senate investigation into Senate aide-in-chief Bobby Baker. In that inquiry, it turned out that so many Senators were tangled up with Baker's finances that it was almost impossible to investigate Baker without probing them, too. Almost but not quite. First, Senator George Smathers was discovered to be mixed up with Baker in a real estate deal that reportedly returned $75,000 to Smathers on a $9,000 investment. Jordan heard

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"If John Doe had a friend who offered to pay for his wife's vacation, he'd start to worry."

Smathers out in chambers and found "nothing improper." He certainly wasn't going to investigate Smathers, he said. The next day he summarily exculpated former Senator Lyndon B. Johnson. But this piecemeal approach was making the committee look ridiculous and the Senate nervous, so Jordan issued a blanket amnesty for all Senators who had been or might ever be involved with Baker. "This committee," he said, "is not investigating Senators."

The House Ethics Committee is even more reliable in time of need. In its five-year suzerainty over 435 Congressmen, it has yet to find one needful of investigation. Its staff director is an ex-lobbyist who is not even an attorney.

Apparently, all ethics committees are destined for this fatuous role. When the labor movement had its flirtation with probity, wise old John L. Lewis guffawed from the start; and on the first anniversary of the A.F.L.- C.I.O.'s Committee on Ethical Practices, Lewis wired an inquiry, "Have you found any ethical practices?"

Unfortunately, clearances so routinely obtained begin to lose public credence. Attorney General John Mitchell has rushed in to fill the void.

Does the U.S. Attorney for New Jersey announce he is probing alleged ties between the underworld and Senate candidate Nelson Gross? Mitchell quickly announces that there is no such investigation and what's more there won't be one.

Does the U.S. Attorney for Maryland ask for an indictment of a contractor who a grand jury found had entered into bribery negotiations with several prominent Congressmen? Mitchell says nothing doing and sees to it that the grand jury presentment is suppressed.

Are 21 G.O.P. finance chairmen in open violation of the Corrupt Practices Act for failing to report where they got their money? Not interested, says Mitchell.

Does the Internal Revenue Service, after a two-year investigation, recommend that Senator Dodd be indicted for criminal income tax evasion? Mitchell gives Dodd a letter of exoneration to read at his campaign rallies.

Are a dozen corporations, from Delaware to California, indicted for making illegal contributions to Members of Congress? It is so arranged that the corporations may plead *nolo contendere* without the identity of the Members being revealed.

We touch here upon the greatest boon in our legal system—the blocked indictment. There is no appeal from the prosecutor who refuses to prosecute or the investigating committee which refuses to investigate. However grisly the facts, they are harmless in locked vaults; of course, come the close roll call, one may feel an inclination to vote with the side that holds the keys.

Rule 5. *If the unpleasantness persists, use the "stranger in paradise" routine: You can't help it if goodhearted friends have an urge to shower you with gifts or if lucky fate strews your path with roses.*

People accept the fact that politicians, like movie actors, live in a world where fantastic things happen. When John Doe contracts for house renovations, the bill is usually twice what the work is worth, not half. Yet, he'll believe House Whip Hale Boggs' story that the construction company with the House Office Building garage contract just happened to charge him $21,000 for $45,000 worth of home improvements—because Congressmen live in a

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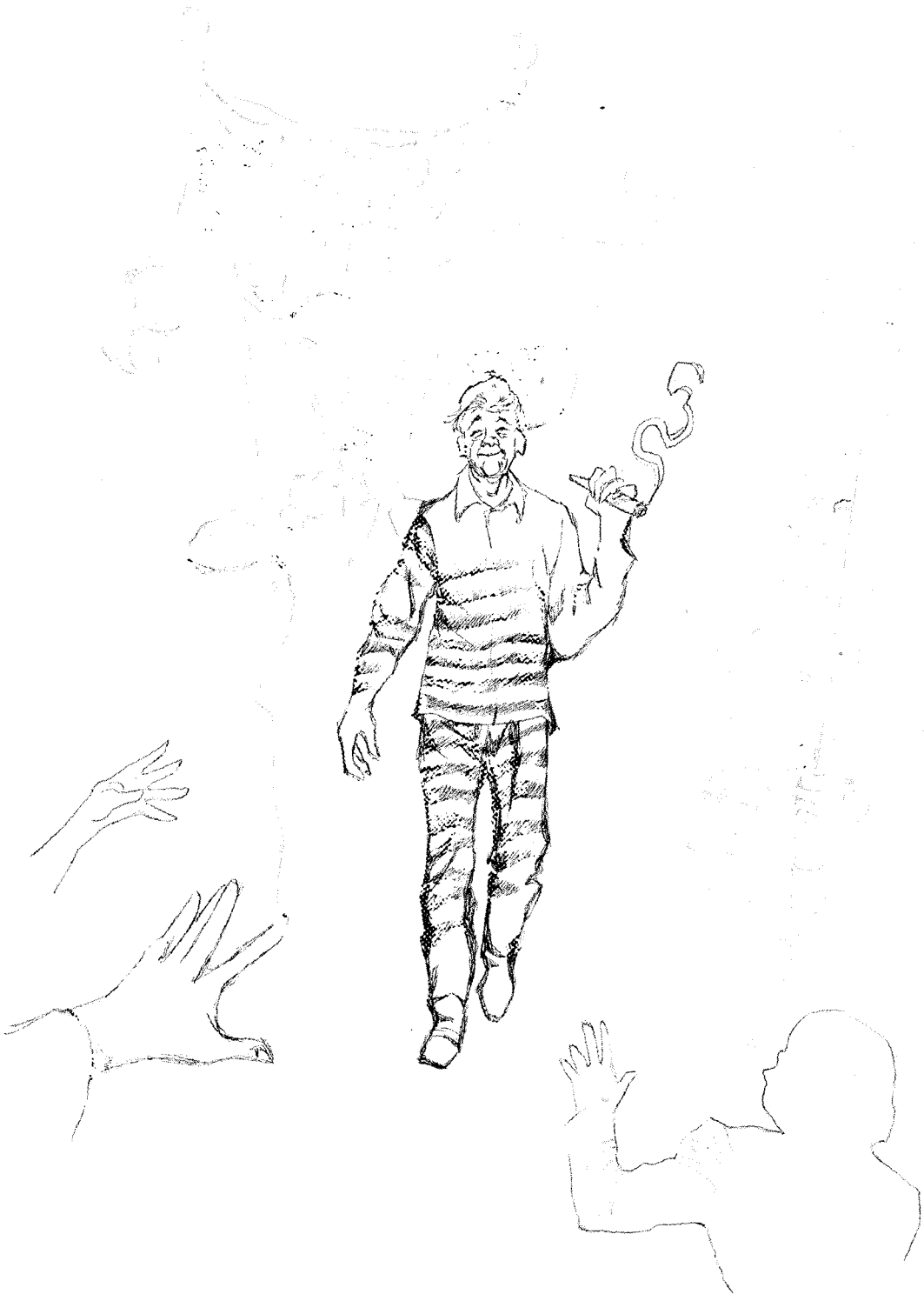

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world where those things happen. Whenever John Doe buys stock it goes down; but he is not so jaundiced by that as to discredit the explanation of Representative Multer that his windfalls in banking investments were just lucky breaks that had nothing to do with his being a member of the House Banking Committee.

The favorite "stranger in paradise" device is the "very close friend" who is always doing wonderful things for you and expecting nothing in return. Take the wife's vacation syndrome: when ex-Congressman Addonizio was confronted with checks signed by other people for his wife's vacations he was unperturbed. "Just a very close friend," he shrugged. If John Doe had a friend who offered to pay for *his* wife's vacation, he'd start to worry about it; but for a Congressman's or a mayor's he accepts it. Representative Giaimo of Connecticut collected $32,000 in 1966 as a tax-free gift from a group of friends who wanted to pay tribute to his public service. Now John Doe never had anyone pay him a cash tribute, let alone tax-free. But he is not intolerant of Giaimo's explanation; the Congressman was renominated without difficulty and is a favorite for reelection. "Just a close friend" is a phrase which echoes through Congressional history: Senator Birch Bayh's Florida vacations, Dodd's Oldsmobiles, the turnpike bonds of Congressmen Herlong and Watts, Happy Chandler's swimming pool, the dozens of testimonial purses raised in Washington each year from friends who happen to be lobbyists. It's a warming phrase when you're caught with something that muckrakers outside the charmed circle say you shouldn't have.

Rule 6. *Insist that you would have done the same favor for any constituent.*

There's a problem here, admittedly. The gift of stock or the home renovation job was just explained by Senator X as the generous, disinterested act of a very close friend. Now it is asked why Senator X officially intervened to get that friend a pardon or a tax loophole. Special favors for friends? No. With as much aplomb as possible it must be argued that any constituent, had he but asked, would have received the same favor.

Jim Curley was in trouble once for violating the Civil Service Act by taking a classification test under an assumed name. When hecklers would taunt Curley with it, he was not in the least defensive. "A man came to my door seeking help," he would intone, jutting his jaw toward the crowd. "He needed a job. His children were hungry. But he couldn't pass the examination because he had no education. So I took that test for him and he got that job. And thereafter he held his head up among men and his family was nourished. And I want every citizen of Massachusetts to know that I would do the same for you and *you* and You and YOU—" until the crowd would explode in a frenzy of adulation.

The giants of the past are departed; yet in small ways they can be emulated. When headlines proclaimed that Congressman Giaimo had set up a Caribbean vacation cruise at government expense for a man who turned out to be a racketeer, he calmed the flap overnight. There was nothing unusual, Giaimo explained; he would gladly arrange the same cruise for any of his 461,086 constituents. There's a logical flaw in this, as in the old campaign promise to give every American boy and girl a Harvard education. But the history of these things is that people don't look that closely.

The only caveat here is: don't carry the definition of "constituent" too far. At the recent trial of Martin Sweig, aide to Speaker McCormack of Boston, Congressman Leggett of California was called by the defense to bolster up Sweig's contention that it was an accepted practice to give New York lobbyists the run of one's offices, phones, and secretaries. Leggett testified that he regarded the whole United States as his constituency and had no hesitancy about letting any constituent use his office or telephone on behalf of commercial clients. This

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seemed a bit much to the jury. One of the jurors later confided to *The New York Times*, "After hearing him, it is my opinion they should investigate *all* the Members of Congress."

Rule 7. *At the moment of deepest personal disgrace, announce for reelection.*

In other lands, the exposed statesman commits hari-kari or resigns; here he declares his candidacy. Nixon turned his 1952 slush fund explanation into an election rally; Powell always reannounced after each brush with the law; on the day of his Senate censure, Dodd declared for a third term; John McCormack's first public response to the Voloshen-Sweig indictment was to re-up for the Speakership.

There are three reasons. One, even the rumor of a possible vacancy 10 years ahead of schedule excites the animals in the party hierarchy back home; a quick announcement keeps them in line. Two, as long as one is in office and seems likely to stay there, he has the Indian sign on the prosecution; no one believes, for instance, that Senator Daniel Brewster would ever have been indicted for bribery had he been reelected instead of defeated in 1968. Three, the thought of one's constituency as a jury of last resort sitting above the real jury, even above the Supreme Court, is a comforting one. So as the indictments come down, the far-sighted politician will keep reiterating that the real verdict won't come in until the people vote several years from now. After all, that's a jury he's always fooled in the past.

Rule 8. *Set up a series of endorsements by prominent churchmen.*

The predilection of the American church for mountebanks has been known to discriminating politicians since at least 1858, the year of the Lincoln-Douglas Senate campaign. Both candidates were citizens of Springfield, Illinois, where they were personally known to all the clergy. Douglas was a braggart, a boozer, a man facile with truth and money; Lincoln was humble, a teetotaler, a man of almost fanatical veracity, the fellow who walked all those miles to return the penny. The issue was the most important moral question ever before the nation—the extension of human slavery. Douglas was for it, for reasons of political expediency; Lincoln was against it and stated his opposition in the most exalted spiritual terms ever heard in partisan debate. It was inevitable, therefore, that 21 of the 23 Protestant pastors of Springfield endorsed Douglas over Lincoln and that the Catholics of Illinois voted almost unanimously for Douglas—the winner.

Since then, the politician in trouble has intuitively turned to the church, knowing that whatever the accusation, a cardinal can be found to pose with, a Protestant pulpit is open for a guest sermon, a denominational college is ready with an honorary degree, a Communion breakfast is in need of a speaker. All this lends a patina of innocence.

When Truman aide Matt Connelly was convicted, a great dinner was held in his honor, presided over by the Archbishop of Boston. Such gambits paled a bit in the latter days of the Truman Administration, when too many indicted officials told juries that they were Papal Knights of Malta with credentials from Pope Pius XII. But it quickly revived.

The case of Senator Robert Byrd of West Virginia, now the Senate's third ranking Democrat, is illustrative. In the midst of an early campaign for Congress, Byrd's puritanical, idealistic, patriotic image, which had made him the odds-on favorite, suddenly was drenched with a pail of garbage. It was revealed that in happier days he had been a wine-bibber, a Ku Kluxer, and a draft dodger. But Byrd, dressed in clerical black and with the face of an accolyte, had been a preacher of the gospel, had conducted a noted radio Bible school that reached half of rural West Virginia, and regularly elevated his rallies with poetry readings

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of "The Touch of the Master's Hand." The parsons rose as one to his defense. His conversion to temperance, brotherhood, and war was certified as genuine and the unpleasantness blew over.

But Members in trouble need not assume that proof of reform or even contrition is at all necessary to gain ecclesiastical endorsements. Adam Powell was once the most conspicuous sinner in America. He had kicked out his wife and confiscated her income. He had been proved a forger who regularly traveled to vacation spots under an alias, with lady friends under aliases, all at government expense. He had been found guilty of lying about an old woman in Harlem and had refused to pay damages. He was perpetually in contempt of court. He was a fugitive from justice, and his every entry into New York to preach his Sunday sermon was accompanied by national speculation as to whether or not he would get out by sundown or be arrested. He had abandoned his Congressional duties and openly reveled in his beachcomber's tryst with Miss Corinne Huff. And he was impenitent; worse even, he flaunted his sins as religious acts. "Keep the faith, Baby," he would say, raising his glass.

By January, 1967, when the House of Representatives had to formally question Powell's credentials, who was left to defend him? The Church, of course. The Greater New York Baptist Ministers Conference the New York City Presbytery, the National Council of Churches, announced resolutions of support for Powell. The Reverend Walter Fauntroy demanded a national work stoppage in his behalf. Powell, they all said, had been a great chairman, an inspiring symbol to blacks. And besides, his morals were no worse than the other Congressmen's.

Rule 9. *It's time to pick a scapegoat.*

The scapegoat, or decoy, is the *sine qua non* of all major political scandals. It's undignified but essential.

The routine decoy is the opposition political party. You are being persecuted by political enemies who want to discredit you and take away your seat. This was, in essence, the response of Senator Vance Hartke to press reports that he was under federal investigation for accepting a bribe.

But blaming "politics" is too flabby a scapegoat to really win the public. Better results are obtained by crying "yellow journalism" and charging a frame by the "power hungry media." The late Drew Pearson made a marvelous decoy because so many Congressmen had been burned by him that the latest third-degree casu-

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"A young Congressman is a sine qua non. If blaming 'politics' is too flabby, charge a frame by the 'power-hungry media.' "

alty to be wheeled onto the Floor always had a majority on his side. The following attacks on Pearson illustrate the statistical and the oratorical methods. Senator George Smathers: "I join two Presidents, 27 Senators, and 83 Congressmen in describing Drew Pearson as an unmitigated liar." The late Senator Kenneth McKellar: "Pearson is an ignorant liar, a pusillanimous liar, a peewee liar...a revolting, constitutional, unmitigated, infamous liar!"

Better even than being the hapless victim of the press is to be a martyr, for then you are being tortured not for your indiscretions, but for your virtues. A young Congressman with larceny on his mind should get into the field of anti-Communism. Congressman J. Parnell Thomas, jailed for taking salary kickbacks, remained a martyr to the end to those who were sure he was framed by the Communist conspiracy he fought so energetically. To millions, Senator Joe McCarthy, too, was censured for his anti-Communism, not for evading committee inquiries into his finances. Roy Cohn uses his Red-hunting kudos at all his fraud trials. Dodd, who was the victim not only of the Reds but of a sex ring that infiltrated his office, still draws applause in New Haven when he says, "I may well be the only honest man in Congress. . . . I am the most maligned figure in human history."

Once the case reaches the hearing room or the courtroom, a personal scapegoat must be arraigned—the chief witness for the state. It was *he* who did what he says *you* did. This is the inviolable rule of Senator Russell Long, defender of impeached Senators. Long on witness Michael O'Hare: "That crook, that thief, that liar, that scoundrel, that bandit...that murderer!" Long on witness John Sullivan: "Danny Brewster never took that money. These charges were made by a former employee who is trying to divert attention from his own conduct."

Rule 10. *If newsmen persist, bolder moves are advisable: issue a statement requesting an official investigation.*

Rule 11. *Threaten a multi-million dollar libel suit against your accusers but don't file it; if you must file it for tactical reasons, withdraw it before it gets to trial.*

These rules are closely related and should be discussed together. "X" has been accused. If he is innocent, he can just open his books to the public, answer all questions from the press, and use the vast media resources at his disposal to propagate his vindication. If not innocent, the mock investigation and libel suit enable "X" to seem to be doing the same thing, while actually doing nothing of the sort. As soon as "X" has announced these moves, he can with virtuous air refuse to answer all further questions from the press.

Suggested release: "I have placed the matter before the proper authorities. I have brought suit to clear my name. Under the American system of jurisprudence, it would be contumacious for me to discuss this litigation in the press, so I am forced to withhold all further comment, no matter how much it pains me, until proceedings before the proper tribunal commence."

This statement will get you through an entire campaign; after a few days, the reporters will even stop asking.

The three most suitable agencies to demand investigation from are, depending on the locus of your clout, the F.B.I., the House Ethics Committee, and your local grand jury. All three can pro-

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"Be sure your entire family, including pre-school children, attends every court session. Psychiatry can repair the emotional damage later."

ceed only in secret. None can investigate without a nod from the higher-ups, and even then the findings can't be published. Even if on the level, the typical political investigation takes years to complete; all that time you can pose as a maligned innocent awaiting justice. If once in a hundred times a runaway grand jury, an oddball U.S. attorney, or an overwrought committee counsel gets out of hand, the Attorney General or the chairman has the last word and can keep the lid on.

As for the libel suit, a mere threat of it may achieve the objective. Timing is the key element. The *Life* exposé on Governor James Rhodes of Ohio, a 1970 Senate candidate, came in May, 1969. Rhodes made the standard move and said he'd sue. But if he had sued then, the case might have been called up for trial or preliminary deposition before the Senate campaign was over and he'd have to either take the stand and answer questions or back out ingloriously. So he waited almost a year to file suit. That way, the case couldn't possibly come up until after the election. In the meantime, he was ostensibly confronting his accusers.

Senator Dodd's libel strategy is instructive for the victim of a protracted imbroglio. With tremendous fanfare, Dodd filed a $5 million, 14-count suit in 1966 against Pearson and Anderson—truly a man defending his reputation! But at each critical stage of the litigation he would quietly withdraw various of the counts; thus Pearson's attorneys could not depose Dodd under oath concerning them. Dodd could not win anything this way, of course; his case was disappearing like a tube of baloney in a meat slicer, but a political libel suit is brought for pretense, not money. Eventually, all 14 counts were withdrawn. But Dodd's ingenuity persisted. Abandoning the charge that he was the victim of lies, he now pleaded that others had invaded his privacy and taken information with which he could have made money himself. All told, the courts were tied up for three years without one public cross-examination. Dodd eventually lost out on all counts, but in the meantime he appeared to his followers to be stoutly defending his honor while in fact he was dismantling piece by piece the suit he himself had brought.

Artful dodgers have filled the records with precedents, but the most brilliant evasive tour de force in American annals was the 1968 finesse by Congressman Cornelieus E. Gallagher of Bayonne, New Jersey. He was in the midst of his reelection campaign when the Time-Life empire boffed him. Gallagher was a collaborator with the Mafia, *Life* said, was a partner in business ventures with underworld boss Joe Zicarelli, had used his Congressional office to further the business and personal interests of Zicarelli, had used political muscle to squash a gambling probe in Bayonne, and had been linked to the underworld in the tapped phone conversations of gangland figures. As if this wasn't enough, *Life* also alleged that a paid murderer and convicted extortionist with the macabre name of Kayo Konigsberg had, under Mafia orders, removed from Gallagher's cellar the body of one Barney O'Brien, a small-time hood. *The New York Times* reported that these revelations stunned even Members of Congress. So grotesque were they, in fact, that the Hudson County Democratic organization, which regularly ingests scandal without belch, panicked and demanded the death penalty—that Gallagher resign "within three days" both as its candidate for Congress and as delegate to the upcoming Demo-

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cratic National Convention.

But Gallagher did not panic. Who among the captains of history can claim such perfection under fire as the embattled Gallagher now displayed? Immediately, he invoked Rules 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11. He redeclared his candidacy. With no cardinal available on short notice, he sought an endorsement from Governor Richard J. Hughes. He then requested a grand jury investigation and a House Ethics Committee probe. He announced plans for a libel suit against *Life*. He confessed to certain harmless business ventures with close friends and said that whatever he had done for Zicarelli he would do for any constituent. He described *Life* as "a modern court of inquisition." A House colleague, Congressman Charles Joelson, roughed up Attorney General Ramsey Clark over the disclosed wiretaps.

Within 72 hours, though not a fact had changed, the contretemps was resolved. Governor Hughes declared Gallagher to be "a very great man, a wonderful man." The Hudson County Democratic organization reversed itself and announced united support for Gallagher; Boss John V. Kenney, alias "The Little Guy," declared that by asking for a grand jury probe and announcing a libel suit Gallagher had shown the organization he would prove his innocence. Attorney General Clark said he knew nothing about any references to Gallagher in any Mafia wiretaps. On the campaign trail, Gallagher was cheered as never before; petitions were circulated to dissuade him from resigning; he was overwhelmingly reelected. What does it matter today that Gallagher never filed the libel suit that caused "The Little Guy" to revoke excommunication? Or that the grand jury probe never began and never could have begun because, as Hudson County prosecutor Tumulty announced, "the statute of limitations had already expired" on all charges made by *Life*. Or that the House Ethics Committee investigation never materialized? Or that Ramsey Clark was wrong and the Justice Department did have Mafia tapes and they did mention Gallagher? What counts is that in the moment of maximum danger, Gallagher was ready with his precedents.

Rule 12. *When judicial proceedings become inevitable, claim constitutional immunity*

A scandal that survives to Rule 12 must be recognized as truly dangerous. The grand strategy has failed; now one must try to worm out on technicalities.

The Constitution provides that Members of Congress cannot be interfered with by anyone on their way to Washington nor held accountable for anything they say on the Floor. These safeguards were intended to banish fear and thus protect the integrity of Congress, but they have been gradually converted into protections against prosecution for theft, fraud, bribery, extortion, felonious assault, and lascivious carriage.

The modern phase began when two New York cops surprised Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio in a hotel room with nubile Nan Britton, who was later to write a book about her illegitimate child entitled *The President's Daughter*. Threatened with arrest for fornication, carnal knowledge, and drunk driving, Harding awed the local police by charging contempt for the U.S. Constitution. He was released and journeyed on undisturbed, his peccadillos remaining undisclosed until he was our martyred President. In recent years, new constitutional theory has been proclaimed by Congressmen Powell, Johnson, and Dowdy.

Powell established the doctrine that no person elected to Congress can be excluded for any reason other than failure to meet the requirements of age, residence, and citizenship. Johnson got a Supreme Court reversal of his conviction for conspiracy to defraud on the grounds that part of his defrauding was done on the Floor of the Congress where he was immune (but he was retried and convicted for off-the-Floor activities). John

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Dowdy of Texas is today the chief constitutionalist in the Congress. Indicted early this year for bribery and perjury, Dowdy asked dismissal on the grounds that any briberies and perjuries committed by him in the performance of his duties were ipso facto beyond the reach of the policeman's knout; he also asked for change of venue, from Baltimore to Texas, where he may be tried not only by his peers but by his constituents. At this writing, Dowdy has lost the early rounds, but the appeals process has scarcely begun and will consume many years.

Rule 13. *During trial or impeachment proceedings, observe all the traditional formalities listed below:*

(a) From now on, never appear in public without your wife. Be sure your entire family, including pre-school children, attend every court session. The spectacle of your wife and children being subjected to all the evidence of your wrongdoing day after day will distress the jury and incline them toward pity for you. Although the experience may cause emotional damage to younger children, psychiatry can repair that later. Right now, it's go for broke.

(b) Feign illness and a sort of stunned vacuity, as if the indignity of it all is too much for your sensitive nature; this glazed mien is a must as groundwork for a convincing loss of memory when you take the stand. Loss of weight, a sickly pallor, a cane, the general look of a man about to break are mandatory if one is to create the "hasn't he already suffered enough" atmosphere.

(c) When questioned by the press in the hallways, emphasize how you welcome the chance to clear your name, how you asked for this trial, how the only thing that bothers you is the suffering it's inflicting on your family, how you'd still go after the Reds if you had it all to do over, how glad you'll be when the verdict is in and you can get back to your duties.

(d) Employ the "partial expert"—the hired C.P.A. to give a tidied statement of your net worth, the paid handwriting expert to testify that it was *not* your signature after all, the tax consultant (retired) who will swear he told you not to list those testimonial purses.

(e) If convicted, abandon all dignity and beg for mercy. Congressman Johnson petitioned the court not to send him to prison on the grounds that the resultant indignity would so affront his honor as to cause him to commit suicide.

(f) If, despite this plea, you are sentenced to prison anyway, follow Johnson's example and announce you are getting the warden to assign you to the V.I.P. hospital. That way, you will be constantly attended by doctors, and subsequently remembered not as a jailbird but as a patient.

(g) Don't despair. Remember that Congressman Tom Lane won reelection after he was convicted. So did Jim Curley and Adam Powell. Besides, there is always the probability of a presidential pardon. It has been the custom for

"IF REELECTED, I GUARANTEE THAT EVERY CONSTITUENT...."

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"In American political life there is no sense of honor, except as an unrequired discipline a man imposes on himself. . . ."

the President to let all convicted politicians out of jail every year at Christmas time, when the public is preoccupied and forgiveness is in the air. Late in the Administration of President Johnson, yuletide pardons were so numerous that the custom began to get a bad name and was suspended temporarily. But Attorney General Mitchell has persuaded President Nixon to reinstitute it.

The foregoing has been set down not as a how-to-do-it tract for charlatans, nor as a guide for detecting the falsehoods of guilty men, though I suppose perverted minds could misuse the information for both purposes—just as a chemistry book could be misused to construct a bomb or an illustrated text on gynecology exploited for erotic pleasure. My purpose is scientific and philosophic.

I set out in the beginning to show that from an exposed Congressman's first laryngitis attack to his Christmas Eve release from jail and subsequent strategy meeting to plan the next campaign, he acts out of folk wisdom known only to politicians. The ritual, partly glimpsed here, is preserved by Congressional elders, and all Members in trouble master it by rote. To prove this point, I shall cite the travail of a man as different from an ordinary Congressman as a swan is from a hippopotamus. My object is to show that even in this case the ritual was followed without deviation down to the most banal detail. I refer to the misfortune of Senator Edward Kennedy. Recall the steps by which a patrician gentleman with the most sophisticated advisers in the West defended himself exactly as would the commonest Boston pol:

After the private moment of despair—the panic and hiding in the Shiretown Inn; the cryptic statement to the police; the precipitate smuggling out of the body, before autopsy, to a jurisdiction beyond reach of subpoena; the long period incommunicado at Hyannisport while the Kennedy proconsuls hammered together a plausible story; the appearance at the Kopechne funeral wearing a neck brace and the vague reports about a brain concussion; the rumors from the Compound about a stunned listlessness; the clandestine negotiation with friendly authorities to set up a traffic violation as the charge; the guilty plea to that charge which cut off all public proceedings; the suspended jail sentence; the television broadcast in which what was publicly known was confessed and the rest glossed over; the announcement for reelection with the added refinement of a plebescite by mail; the public welcoming of an investigation when it finally became unstoppable; the assurances that all the facts would be aired at the proper time while stealthily maneuvering to block any public airing; the involved constitutional gimmickry which added up to the Senator's claim to personal immunity; the "reluctant" refusal to answer reporters' questions on the grounds of protecting the dignity of the court; the hiring of "partial experts"—this time air bubble experts; the public concern for "getting this over so I can get back to my Senate duties" while privately employing every possible instrument of delay; the loss of memory and the lying under oath (in the opinion of Judge Boyle); the brilliant series of technicalities on which the serious charges which might have been brought were one by one eliminated. And now the careful period of rehabilitation, the press build-up that the Senator has become serious, cut down on drinking, is dieting and

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"We are a country of Falstaffs, and the shrewder politicians all know it."

exercising, and no longer is activated by pretty girls. Not a pirouette missed in the elephant's ballet.

Examined individually, how gross, ignominious, and transparently fraudulent these maneuvers are; but in the aggregate, how efficacious! How many times did you chortle as Teddy lumbered preposterously with his subterfuge? But look at the results: the Senate Majority Whip post retained, reelection assured, credibility damaged but salvageable, presidential prospects rising, a climate irresistibly building in which it begins to seem unsportsmanlike to bring up Chappaquiddick. In another year or two the whole affair will dissolve into the morning mists off Martha's Vineyard.

The basic premise behind a ritual so manifestly successful ought to tell us something important about our society. In my opinion, it is this: in American public life there is no sense of honor, no concept of it, no expectation of it, no reward for it. Wherever honor exists it is an unrequired discipline a man imposes on himself for private reasons. This is the reverse side of the blessing of popular democracy, and may yet turn that blessing into a curse.

We are a country of Falstaffs and the shrewder politicians all know it. Many civilized nations have soldiers who will shoot down unarmed civilians; in America they are lionized in their home towns, praised by Congressmen, and favored by a clear majority in the Gallup Poll. Many nations have cops who bludgeon unarmed adolescents and fire machine guns into the windows of the girls' dormitory; here they are extolled by their governor and have fan clubs organized and bumper stickers printed in their honor. Many nations have district attorneys who stage an occasional massacre and then dramatize the scene on televison as self-defense; here, when such a creature is exposed as a calculated liar, he not only keeps his job but begins to dream of the governorship. Many nations have legislators who are shown to lie, cheat and steal; here church synods, panels of distinguished citizens, and ideological movements pass resolutions praising them. Such egalitarian buffooneries are the key to our political process. Once the politician masters this, he will face his indictments with equanimity.

The difficulty in catching on to this reality has unfairly retarded the political progress of our more recent arrivals, particularly those of ethnic strains which retain a hereditary respect for "face" and personal dignity. Signs abound that this handicap is passing. Having learned the rules, Greeks, Jews, Poles, and Japanese are regularly winning reelection to Congress; and recently 100,000 Italian-Americans held a mass rally in New York to protest police repression of the Mafia. ■

Answers to the August **Political Puzzle**:

1 W	A	2 R	R	3 E	N	4 E	B	5 U	R	6 G	E	7 R		8 W
I		E		C		E		S		E		9 E	L	I
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The Harvard Brain Trust: Eating Lunch At Henry's

by Michael E. Kinsley

Perhaps the most remarkable of anti-war activities involving Harvard people was an odyssey to Washington in May by 13 senior Harvard faculty members, most with long-established ties to the government, to lobby for the first time against the war, and particularly against the invasion of Cambodia.

At their rooms in the Hay-Adams, on Lafayette Park directly across from the White House, the early arrivals spent Thursday evening, May 7, planning strategy for the following day, mainly for their meeting with "Henry"—Henry Kissinger, who used to be at Harvard himself. It was a highly intense discussion among some of the most noted intellects of the country, and they consumed two bottles of Cutty Sark scotch in the process.

The group included Thomas Schelling (professor of economics, author of *The Strategy of Conflict*, and organizer of the group), Richard Neustadt (author of *Presidential Power*), Francis Bator (former Deputy Special Assistant to President Johnson for National Security Affairs), Ernest May (professor of history and former military historian for the Department of Defense), Seymour Martin Lipset (professor of government

Michael E. Kinsley is an editor of The Harvard Crimson, *where an earlier version of this article appeared.*

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and social relations), George Kistiakowsky (professor of chemistry and chief science advisor to President Eisenhower), William Capron (associate dean of the Kennedy School of Public Affairs, former assistant director of the Bureau of the Budget), Adam Yarmolinsky (professor of law, advisor to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson), Paul Doty (biochemistry), Konrad Bloch (biochemistry, Nobel laureate), Frank Westheimer (chemistry), Gerald Holton (physics), and Michael Walzer (government).

The Monster Speech

According to the participants, the meeting with Kissinger was one of intense emotions painfully suppressed. "We made it clear to Henry from the beginning," Schelling said, "that we weren't here lunching with him as old friends, but were talking to him solely in his capacity to communicate to the President that we regard the invasion of Cambodia as a disastrously bad foreign policy decision, even on its own terms."

As reported by one member of the group, Schelling then turned to Ernest May for comment. "Ernest told Henry, 'You're tearing the country apart domestically.' He said this would have long-time consequences for foreign policy, as tomorrow's foreign policy is based on today's domestic situation.

"Then Bator and Westheimer chimed in with an explanation of how difficult it was for us to have Henry read in the newspapers beforehand of our coming. Bator said it was especially painful for him since he had held part of the same portfolio Kissinger now handles. But we felt that the only way we could shock him into realizing how we felt was not to just give him marginal advice. We wanted to shock him into realizing that this latest decision was appallingly bad foreign policy in the short run.

"At this point Henry got called out to see the President. He asked to have someone explain to him when he returned what short-term mistake the Nixon policy made. We decided to let Tom do it, as he was the one who organized us and he was Henry's closest academic colleague in the group. So when Henry returned after a few minutes, Schelling gave him the Monster Speech."

Schelling's Monster Speech was one he used frequently during that day. It's a metaphorical analysis similar to those he uses frequently in his undergraduate course on game theory and decision-making. The speech went something like this: "It's one of those problems where you look out the window, and you see a monster. And you turn to the guy standing next to you at the very same window, and say, 'Look, there's a monster.' He then looks out the window—and doesn't see a monster at all. How do you explain to him that there really is a monster?"

Then Schelling continued, "As we see it, there are two possibilities: Either, one, the President didn't understand when he went into Cambodia that he was invading another country; or, two, he did understand. We just don't know which one is scarier. And he seems to have done this without consultation with the Secretary of Defense or the Secretary of State, or with leaders of the Senate and House. We are deeply worried about the scale of the operation, as compared with the process of decision."

Richard Neustadt then added, "What this is going to signal to American senior military officers—and the Saigon government—is that, if you put enough pressure on Nixon by emphasizing that 'American boys are dying,' you can get the President to do very discontinuous things. And this makes his whole promise of withdrawal open to question."

"Each of us spoke to Henry at least once," a participant reported. "Michael Walzer told him that, as an old dove, he was impressed by the intensity of the concern of us old government boys. Gerry Holton talked generally about the lack of restraint in Nixon's policies.

"When we were all through, Henry asked if he could go off the record. We

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said no. Schelling said one reason we had brought non-ex-government types like Walzer was to keep us honest. Henry replied that the nature of his job as an advisor to the President was such that he never spoke on the record."

Kissinger did tell his former colleagues three things.

"First, he told us that he understood what we were saying, and the gravity of our concern," Schelling reported. "Second, he said that if he could go off the record he could explain the President's action to our satisfaction. And third, he said that since we wouldn't let him go off the record, all he could do was assure us that the President had not lost sight of his original objective or gone off his timetable for withdrawal.

"Bator muttered something about the interaction of means and ends and how he doubted whether with even the best of intentions Nixon and Kissinger could control the process when Johnson and Bundy couldn't. Schelling told him to be quiet and let Henry go on. But there wasn't much else to say.

"So afterwards we all got up and shook hands, with a sense of sadness. It was painful for us, but it wasn't a personal thing. It was an impersonal visit—to try to save the country. I think Henry fully understood the gravity of what we were talking about."

"Nobody Can Call Us Radicals"

Back in their headquarters at the Hay-Adams, the professors discussed their confrontation lunch with Kissinger. Holton said, "It was not exactly what I would call a love feast. He said that he was moved by our visit, that he felt that it's all a tragic situation. But he refused to speak on the record, and we refused to go off, so we had an hour and a half of presenting views."

Bloch said, "Kissinger told us 'When you come back a year from now, you will find your concerns were unwarranted.' But he doesn't understand that the end-justifies-the-means philosophy is exactly the problem and what is antagonizing the large part of the population. Kissinger just did not realize that we'd crossed the threshhold." Schelling said, "We had a very painful hour and a half with Henry, persuading him we were all horrified not just about the Cambodia decision, but what it implied about the way the President makes up his mind. It was a small gain to be had at enormous political risk. He refused to reply on the record, therefore he had our sentiments heaped upon him, sat in pained silence, and just listened." Lipset said, "I think we have a very unhappy colleague-on-leave." Schelling added, "I hope so." Then, as with a flushing of toilets and a straightening of ties the professors swirled out of the room to catch cabs for the Pentagon and a meeting with Undersecretary of Defense David Packard, Schelling turned back into the room and perspired, "You know, this is hard work."

The professors returned to the Hay-Adams from their meeting with Packard—barely an hour after they'd left—in a highly agitated state. William Capron complained, "He gave us the straightforward party line—he sounded just like John Foster Dulles. It was nothing like Henry in terms of emotional content. We gave it to him very hard and he said to please wait six weeks and we'd see that everything will turn out all right. He said he understood our concern, but asked for our *forebearance!* In six weeks, he said, we'll be out and it will be a great victory! We were just talking past each other."

Neustadt agreed: "Mr. Packard heard us out, then responded in a perfectly canned way that we should be patient. His explanation was irrelevant to our concern. It was a matter of our reporting our feelings to him and hearing no attempt to exchange. Perhaps we underestimated the credibility gap. Ghastly. The President's credibility is hopeless. And nobody can call us radicals, either. The purpose of giving our views was precisely that. We're not voicing our concern because of Harvard or the domestic impact. We were offering our

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professional judgment as former advisors to Presidents that it was a horrendous act of foreign policy.

"We said to Henry, we said to Mr. Packard, that the military-civilian imbalance today is the greatest threat to the Presidency since MacArthur's challenge to Truman. I myself don't see anything that can restore the military's credibility."

Bator said, "From Packard we got a canned speech—a casual pat speech about his Administration and Vietnamization and wiping out a few bases. He said it would all please us in just another six weeks. He seemed very aware of our campus origins. We reacted quite strongly."

Konrad Bloch said, "It was the straightforward drivel. He coldly misinterpreted what we had to say. It was hard to know how to explain our position, although Schelling put on a great performance with his Monster Speech when Packard was finally through. Later Packard started talking about Stanford—he said it is infiltrated by a hard core that will have to be eliminated. He said tension in this country will have to come to a head some day, and it might as well be now."

"That Was Averell"

A bellhop brought Pepsi and Michelob for the overheated professors. The phone rang. Bator answered it.

"Hello. Averell!" He smiled. "Well hello governor! Yes governor, I'm here. This is Francis." As Bator talked to Harriman, Yarmolinsky dashed to the extension phone in the bathroom to listen. "Yes governor, well Scotty said. . . ." When Bator finished, Yarmolinsky started talking on the bathroom extension. Neustadt quickly established possession of the bedroom phone. Alarmed to discover the conversation wasn't over, Bator scurried to the bathroom to listen in when Yarmolinsky was finished. Finally they all said goodby and hung up. "That was Averell," Bator explained.

After a long but uninspiring meeting with then Undersecretary of State Elliott Richardson (now Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare), the professors reassembled in the dining room of the Hay-Adams. Over double martinis and Caesar salads, they evaluated the day.

Bator summarized, "In the executive branch we've shot the bolt today. From now on we just have to work with Congress. If these guys get us all out of Vietnam in 90 days, we'll have the biggest crow dinner in our lives—and we'll all vote for Richard Nixon in 1972." There was nervous laughter around the table; for if the professors disliked anything more than cutting themselves off from their councils of government, it was the prospect of looking foolish—of the war ending routinely with their making unbecomingly alarmist statements on the outside.

Bator flew out the door with a cheery "Goodby, gentlemen." Others followed, including Schelling, who instructed Neustadt to take care of the bill, saying they would straighten out the finances back at Cambridge.

Neustadt and Lipset relaxed briefly over strawberries and cream. "You know," Neustadt said, "this is the first time in years that I've come to Washington and stayed at the Hay-Adams and had to pay for it out of my own pocket. Many of us will now have to decide whether we will resign from all our consulting positions with the government. It's sort of silly. I have some contracts on which I haven't been consulted for years. But it's hard after a thing like today to keep operating in the executive branch. People whose advice was being asked on a number of issues have now cut themselves off by announcing that they're going to the Hill to lobby. But there's so much disaffection within government that us academics resigning will be no big deal. That's why we put so much emphasis today on those of us who were ex-officials of government. We were trying to distinguish ourselves—today at least—from those who are merely professors."

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Lipset said, "Packard today dismissed us as 'professors' and 'liberals'—same thing." He shrugged.

The professors filtered back to Harvard over the weekend. Having reluctantly and, they hoped, temporarily, exiled themselves from power, they were lowered to the ranks of ordinary academics. They can still scramble to consult with Averell Harriman or other exiled powers, but they would have much preferred to stay in or near the government, hanging on like everyone else. ■

Eating Crow at Mike's

by John Averill

One week after President Nixon sent U.S. troops into Cambodia, a group of card-carrying advocates of a strong presidency took the first step toward joining forces with an old adversary, Congress. On May 8, in the spacious, old-fashioned office of Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, a delegation of Harvard's most distinguished presidential defenders embraced Mansfield's crusade to recover a measure of the war-making powers Congress has let slip from its hands in the past three decades. Until then Mansfield's efforts had largely been met with indifference, if not hostility, from the many liberal academicians who have long regarded the White House as their spiritual home.

There are varying accounts of just what was said in Mansfield's office. Richard E. Neustadt, professor of government at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government, later recalled that he and his colleagues had visited the majority leader to express their appreciation for his unrelenting opposition to the Vietnam war. But a Mansfield associate who was present said the meeting resembled a confessional. "Neustadt was really humble," he said. "He admitted that he had been wrong and that Mansfield had been right." Neustadt for years had been a model liberal scholar and adviser to Presidents, while devoting much of his career to enhancement of the presidency.

Neustadt and 12 of his Harvard colleagues came to Washington to protest what they viewed as a frightening misuse of presidential power. Turning to Congress would have seemed heresy to them before Cambodia, despite the mistrust or even dislike many of them had long held for President Nixon. Their shift to Capitol Hill dramatized the immense trauma the Cambodian invasion had visited on many of the nation's liberal intellectuals whose entire adult convictions were suddenly pierced by doubt. Since the days of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the White House has been the mecca of academicians and lawyers dedicated to reforming and transforming the American nation, if not the world. They have volunteered their brains, their talents, and even their careers to strengthening the presidency, in the belief that only the President could realize their objectives. To many of them, Congress was the constant enemy, an enemy that not only resisted reform but constantly contrived to hamstring the President.

But the Cambodian invasion produced the gnawing fear that perhaps they had helped fashion a Frankenstein's monster of presidential power. And Mansfield, according to his aide, couldn't suppress a slight grin at the remarkable conversion of the Harvard group as he

John Averill is a reporter for The Los Angeles Times.

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listened while drawing placidly on his ever-present pipe.

"Some of us have regarded the executive branch as our home for 20 or 30 years," Neustadt said later. "This is a hard turn to come to—to be here urging Congressional intervention which two or three weeks ago we would have regarded as unacceptable." One of his colleagues, Francis M. Bator, Harvard professor of political economy and Deputy Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs in the Johnson Administration, said, "I had always thought of Congress as at best a nuisance, sometimes an adversary, often the enemy." Still another member of the Harvard delegation, Thomas C. Schelling, professor of economics and a frequent government adviser, said: "Ever since FDR there has been the feeling that the presidency was where enlightment was."

In a letter to Senator Frank Church, William M. Capron, associate dean of Harvard's Kennedy School, managed to capture some of the group's emotional turmoil despite his customarily dignified prose. His letter says in part: "The present Administration's actions in Cambodia and the grave implications those actions hold for this country's future involvement in Southeast Asia have led me to a dramatic shift in views I have held long and deeply with regard to the efficacy of Congressional action designed to restrain presidential discretion in national security affairs."

"I think a demonstration is called for to sober up the other side," Neustadt concluded at the end of his Washington visit. By the "other side" Neustadt said he was referring to the White House. The fact that the author of *Presidential Power* now refers to the White House as the "other side" suggests a rather profound shifting in philosophical gears.

Yet as the shock of Cambodia has worn off, it seems evident that many in the liberal academic community are unsure of how far Congress should go in limiting a President's flexibility in foreign affairs. They are haunted by the fear that the bipartisan liberal coalition that presently controls the Senate may give way before long to a conservative, if not a reactionary, majority. They recall with immense distaste the period of the early-to-mid 1950's when conservatives controlled the Senate and came close to adopting the Bricker amendment, which would have inhibited the President's foreign policy powers.

"I'm all for the anti-war Senators doing what they are doing as a signal to the President not to go into Cambodia again," Neustadt said in a recent interview. "But when you look beyond that there is no simple solution. There is a real dilemma. There is a need for new devices and it's very damn difficult to say just what. I have no real solution. . . ."

There is still a decided residue of nostalgia for the concept of a strong presidency within the Harvard group. The sentiment is shared by former government officials like Nicholas deB. Katzenbach. "I think liberals have turned to Congress out of the desperation of the moment," he said in a recent interview. "If Jack Kennedy were still in the White House, they would have no doubts, and when we get another liberal President they will be with him."

In the meantime, we may anticipate theoretical discoveries at Harvard and elsewhere, impelling the scholarly investigator toward the conclusion that Congress must have a greater portion of the power in the United States, especially in matters of peace and war. We will have a new flip-flop on where the balance of power should lie. The focus on abstract influence—arguing that power should flow this way or that—will be one comfortable step removed from both the real issues: what political power should be used for, and how the Congress and the executive can be reformed to make them informed, participating, intelligent institutions.

The timely emergence of new frameworks of analysis may suggest that theory follows the heart, or the ego. This would be amusing if the power to make war were not so deadly serious. ■

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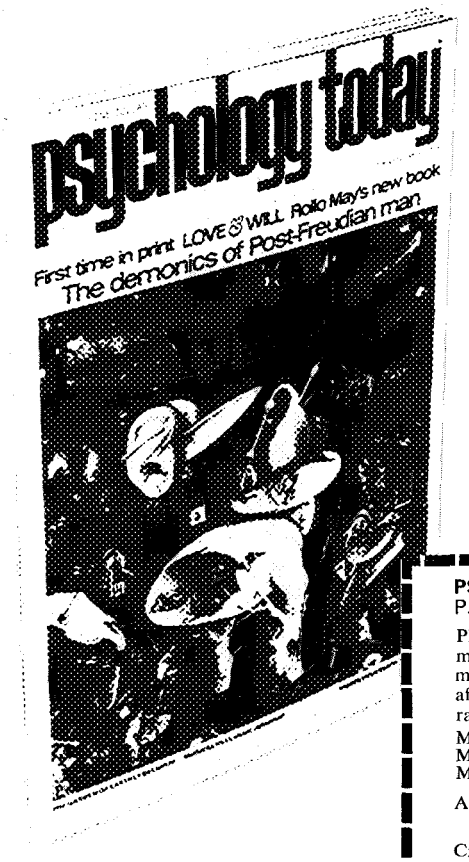

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The Kids Will Be Mo

by Michael Rappeport

As the Supreme Court prepares to rule on the constitutionality of the 18-year-old vote, a conventional wisdom grows among politicians that the new voting bloc will not exercise great influence at the polls. The June 28 *New York Times* announced *EXPERTS DISCOUNT 18 YEAR OLD VOTE–FORESEE LITTLE IMPACT SOON IF NEW LAW IS UPHELD.* The March 20 *Congressional Quarterly* ran a story headlined *THE ELECTORAL IMPACT OF THE LOWERED VOTING AGE IS LIKELY TO BE LESS THAN GENERALLY ASSUMED.* Election expert Richard Scammon has stated similar views. This expert opinion is also supported by such major survey researchers as the Michigan Survey Research Center and the Gallup Poll. The consensus is based on three, generally implicit, assumptions:

1. The voting behavior of those who will be 18-21 in 1972 can be predicted on the basis of the voting behavior of those 21-29 in 1968.

2. The younger the eligible voter, the less likely he is to vote, regardless of his political views.

3. The impact of young voters on 1972 politics can be predicted from a knowledge of the national average of their voting behavior.

All three assumptions are seriously open to question. Each, at least to some degree, is clearly wrong.

On common-sense grounds alone, it does not appear reasonable to assume that the voting behavior of those who will be 18-21 years old in 1972 can be extrapolated from that of those 21-29 in 1968. The latter group is the last of those born before or during World War II. The 18-21 group of 1972 moves the age spectrum past the big war, and even past the Korean War. The older group was the last whose childhood, at least, was pre-affluence. The younger was raised in affluence and exposed to television from birth. Moreover, they were directly affected by the Vietnam war at the earliest formative stages of their political thought.

There is also direct numerical evidence that this age difference is reflected politically. In November-December, 1968, Opinion Research Corporation took a nationwide poll asking voters what kind of candidate they would like to see in 1972; 13 per cent of those 22-29 preferred candidates similar to Ronald Reagan or George Wallace, and 56 per cent preferred a Kennedy-McCarthy-McGovern type. The comparable figures for those 18-21 were 7 per cent and 65 per cent. These results showed a marked left preference among the younger group, and they did not include the 14, 15, 16, and 17-year-olds of 1968, all of whom would have the ballot in 1972 under the new law.

Thus, from both common sense and survey results, there are many weaknesses in the assumption that one can predict the new votes of 1972 from the 21 to 29-year-olds of 1968. In 1972, if the new law stands up, fully one potential voter in five (about 19 per cent) will have been too young to have voted in 1968. Even a relatively minor difference

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re Than Just Younger

between these new voters and the rest of the population would have great significance in United States politics. For example, if they split just 11 to 8, this would be an overall change of three percentage points in the total voting behavior of Americans. Nixon beat Humphrey by less than half of one percentage point, and John Kennedy beat Nixon in 1960 by a similar margin.

The second major assumption underlying the conventional wisdom on young voters is that fewer young people vote, proportionally, than their elders. The fallacy in this assumption is that it neglects the long state residency requirements which prevent students from voting where they go to school; almost all of the differences in the voting behavior of young people can be traced to residency rules. The new voting law includes a 30-day residency requirement for voting in presidential elections. Under such circumstances, it is reasonable to believe that residency will not be a significant factor in the 1972 presidential election.

The 30-day residency requirement means that college students will be able to vote, at least for President, where they go to school. And the voting proportion of college students may be much higher than young people as a whole, especially if there is a great deal of social pressure for voting on the average campus as they experience the first campaign in which all four college classes can vote. Their voting patterns are likely to be different from those of the present electorate. The Gallup Poll showed five of every eight college students as liberals, with two of eight conservative, and one in eight without opinion—which hardly sounds like the 47-year-old housewife from Dayton, Ohio, who is currently being hailed as the average American voter. If there is less voting among young people, it would presumably occur off campuses, among the more conservative young.

The third fallacy underlying the conventional wisdom is the use of national averages of youth attitudes as an indicator of the impact of 18-year-old voting. The new law, if upheld, may lead to shorter state residency requirements for non-presidential voting. If so, the impact on some Congressional races will be significant, because between 20 and 40 Congressional districts in the United States have resident college students in proportions at least three times that of college students in the population as a whole. For example, one out of every five eligible in the fifth district of Maryland, currently represented by a moderately conservative Republican, will be a student at the University of Maryland. More than half of all the liberal arts students in Indiana go to school in the seventh district, which is represented by a very conservative Republican.

Even without the new law, the entry of a huge number of 21 to 24-year-olds into the electorate in 1972 will probably produce significant changes. These are the first of the post-war babies. They have been brought up, lived, and had their political attitudes formed in far different times than previous generations. The addition of the large body of 18 to 20-year-olds to those 21 to 24 would serve to heighten the effect. To forget that these people will constitute one potential vote in five is to overlook a crucial unknown in America's political future. ■

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Israel's Peril: Our Military-Industrial Bubble

by L. Fletcher Prouty

In March of 1970, the United States was asked to permit the sale of 25 to 35 F-4 Phantom jets to Israel. But the debate over the sale of these fighter-bombers subsided even before the conclusion of the cease-fire, largely because both sides realized that the latest F-4 cannot survive the defenses of the SAM III missiles and MIG-21-J fighters in Egypt. The truth is that the United States cannot really help Israel—not without sending American technical assistance and personnel to Israel, and perhaps not even then. Israel's acceptance of the cease-fire was inevitable.

The Middle East cease-fire, if it holds together, will be attributed by the United States Government to the power of American diplomacy. The government will not mention another crucial factor—the impotence of American weaponry in that situation. This is an unexpected state of affairs for the biggest weapon-builder in the world, and it is important to know how it happened.

A tactical evolution has been brought about by the introduction into Egypt in considerable numbers of the highly effective and deadly Soviet surface to air missile (SAM III) of the latest design and modification. This is the same, or better, weapons system which U.S. pilots found so effective against them in North Vietnam. The Israeli Air Force is finding that its old French Mirage fighters and even its newer American F-4 jets are no match for the improved SAM. The Israelis report that Egyptian MIG's are being flown by Russian pilots; so while Egyptian defenses have stiffened with the proliferation of the SAM weapons, the Egyptian offense has become more effective with Russian pilots in Russian MIG's.

As Russian support of Egyptian forces increased and as the tempo of the war accelerated, Israeli losses of irreplaceable materiel mounted, and consumption and depletion of the military inventory became a serious factor in the life and death struggle of that country. The pressure upon the Israeli armed forces to improve in numbers and in capability has been tremendous. At one time Israel could strike swiftly and effectively into any target area of Egypt. Now the air defense capability of the Egyptian military forces has improved so much that Israeli aircraft have had to abandon deep penetration missions in favor of fast close-in strikes.

This change is a significant characteristic of the present Arab-Israeli conflict.

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It used to be possible for both sides to strike deep into the heartland of the other. The war had a surface perimeter beyond which ground forces seldom penetrated; but it had no effective third dimensional, or air warfare, limit. Gradually this situation has changed, and it is no longer true that the air space is unguarded. Israeli air defense capability makes Egyptian MIG fighter attacks costly to the Arabs, and most Egyptian attacks are limited to border strikes. At the same time, Israel now finds deep strikes unacceptably costly, and it has been forced to limit its fighter sweeps to perimeter targets in order to decrease losses. Israel cannot spare and cannot expend aircraft against Egyptian targets which have become so well defended that they are no longer worth the risks. Thus the air war on both sides has shrunk back toward the same border perimeter which contains the ground forces and a relative stalement exists, with or without the cease-fire.

Israeli predominance in the Middle Eastern balance of power has gradually eroded since 1967, and U.S. assistance is unequal to the task of stemming the tide of Arab strength bolstered by Soviet arms and equipment. Technically, we could put nuclear missiles in Israel as Khrushchev did in Cuba; but such a move is preposterous. The only help the Americans can give Israel has already been given—we helped them arrange a cease-fire. Nothing proves this point more positively than the dilemma created by the request for fighter aircraft for Israel: we do not have a combat-worthy aircraft in which Israeli pilots can "live in the air" over Egypt in the face of the SAM missile.

To the technically qualified and to the professional airman, this statement warrants clarification. An aircraft like the F-4—*if* in the hands of American pilots and tied directly to the most sophisticated logistical and electronic support—can probably operate effectively against targets defended by both the MIG-21-J and the SAM III. American pilots have aircraft available in sufficient numbers to assure some for radar suppression (ECM), some for such tactical variations as height-speed-course deception, and others for the primary attack mission. Furthermore, the entire effort can be linked to the factory sources for rapid ECM adjustment and resupply. Such support is not available to recipients of military aid, and will not be unless the United States is willing to take ominous steps toward an escalating, Vietnam-like involvement in Israel. These steps would include declassifi-

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"We do not have a combat aircraft in which Israeli pilots can 'live in the air' over Egypt."

cation of the ECM codes, a direct pipeline support for the highly complex electronic equipment of radar suppression, American technical assistance personnel, American pilots, and so on. It is suicidally insufficient merely to deliver the airplanes. And even an enormous, costly, American effort did not always assure effective military operations (against less developed air defenses) over North Vietnam.

Whereas the conflict in Indochina permits either adversary the opportunity to lay back and lick his wounds, this is not true in the Middle East war. At every opportunity each side attacks the other with the best he has and probes continually to find weak and exposed spots where attack will be the most favorable and effective. It is this tactic in the Middle East which has led to the necessity for the cease-fire, because the losses sustained by the Israelis have become unbearable.

In the Middle East, where the war is being fought by two adversaries utilizing modern weapons, the relative tactical merit of each weapons system is of critical importance. It has not taken the Russians long to equip the Egyptians with the same weapons system (SAM) which had proven itself so thoroughly effective against the F-4 in North Vietnam. This action has drastically reduced the value of the Mirage and the F-4 in the Middle East, and as a result we have seen the diminution of the once urgent request for F-4 type aircraft by the Israelis. Israel might accept these aircraft on general principles and might fly them against other targets, but they no longer have tactical value against the well-defended targets in Egypt.

This is but one facet of a complex strategic matter, but it is a most important one and a most decisive one. Without the F-4, without the ill-fated, unflyable F-111, without any aircraft in the U.S. inventory that can "live in the air" in Israeli hands against the improved SAM, what does Israel do?

The Israeli situation presents us with a real war confrontation. Up to now our great military behemoth has been able to fumble along with one eye over the nuclear warfare horizon and the other on a homegrown counterinsurgency conflict in which "the enemy" has never had the capability to mount a meaningful and sophisticated counterattack. Any weapon was good enough for Vietnam, where the once-proud B-52 performs deforestation projects in every part of Indochina where there is known to be no opposition. On the other hand, if we are to supply any arms to Israel, those arms must be battle-worthy and must be superior to those of the Arabs.

The size and scope of the problem is momentous. Can Israel use the M-16 hand gun? Will the Israelis in their desperation request legions of "Green Berets" and their peculiar type of warfare? Will the Israelis deploy the U.S. Navy heavy weapon for Indochina, a re-de-mothballed battleship *New Jersey*, a few miles off the coast of Egypt to shell shore targets? Could the Israelis feel secure behind a field of electronic sensors which at best could tell them that an Egyptian force of modern tanks and other military equipment was on the way? Can the Israelis use thousands of helicopters exposed rotor to rotor along countless miles of runways unprotected from any attack? Is there anything that we have been using in Indochina which can be of help to any country under attack by modern munitions?

It was President Eisenhower who first warned of the dangers of the military-

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"The past decade consumed more money and came up with fewer effective weapons than any time in history."

industrial complex, and the Great Debate of 1969 concerned itself with this massive problem. From Eisenhower to the present, the discussion of American militarism has been concerned with the belief that this country should fear the combined weight of the military and the munitions industry. It has been feared that the combination would lead the country down the road to ever increasing militarism for the power and glory of generals and admirals, for the political aggrandizement of fellow-traveling politicians, and for the boundless enrichment of the munitions industry.

These are certainly matters of grave concern; but in today's complex world they are far from the only considerations. The great tragedy which is being discovered now is that the military-industrial complex has created a bubble, a balloon, a totally useless national military capability, with the morbid exception that if we chose to use all of our nuclear missiles in a first-strike attack on Russia we might expect to destroy that country.

While everyone focused on the obvious issues of Pentagon hyperpower—overkill and the huge weapons establishment—no one was watching the other end of the military machine. It was almost unnoticed that all this country was getting in the way of weapons for all of the hundreds of billions of dollars spent were useless, unfit, outdated, and inconsequential items such as the TFX planes, unworkable tanks, unflyable heavy helicopters, limited capacity weapons such as the M-16 small hand gun, costly non-combatant frills such as defenseless helicopters (4000 lost in South Vietnam against little opposition, if any), and few if any improvements in the Naval arsenal. The past decade of armament development consumed more money and came up with fewer effective weapons than any like group and period in any time in history.

Eisenhower, Shoup, and all of the others have been right in warning that one of the most important problems facing this country was the military-industrial complex. But the reasons which they gave for their warning have been overtaken by events which have proven that while this boundless and voracious combine has been devouring hundreds of billions of dollars it has failed to produce military weapons which were second to none. In real warfare, on the battlefield, there are no second-best weapons.

This is the tragedy of the New American Militarism. It has produced a vast military machine with so much power at the nuclear end of the scale that it has not even come face to face with the issue of the usefulness and control of such power. It has produced at the other end of the scale so much nearly useless hardware that the only place possible to expend it without exposing its tactical insignificance has been in the little countries of Indochina. As a result, even the suggestion of the use of these weapons in a modern hot war, such as that which has been going on in the Middle East since 1967, uncovers the weakness of the whole house of cards.

There is a great debate currently over the wisdom of Robert McNamara's strategic doctrine of flexible response. Supporters applaud it for moving us away from the "brinkmanship" and "massive retaliation" of the Dulles era, while critics attack the doctrine for sucking us into wars of escalation, such as Vietman. Whatever strategic thinking prevails, the United States invites disaster when it acts, as in Israel, on an illusion of power. ■

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Memo of the Month:

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE....

M E M O R A N D U M

April 1, 1970

TO : All Male Civil Service Employees (GS-12 and above)
All Male FSR Domestic Employees

FROM : CU/EX - Leon E. Woods

SUBJECT: Inclusion of Wives' Names in Biographic Register

It has been decided by OPR to include in the next issue of the Biographic Register, the first and maiden names of the wife of each married officer. (Names of the husbands of female officers will not be included.)

Will you please complete the information requested below and submit to Mrs. Tilley, Room 4851A before April 10. Regular FSO's are excluded from this requirement since this information is available from existing records.

Name of Officer _____

Name of Wife _____
(First Name) (Maiden Name)

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M E M O R A N D U M

April 6, 1970

TO : All Female Civil Service Employees (GS-12 and above)
All Female Foreign Service Reserve Officers, Foreign Service Officers and Foreign Service Information Officers.

FROM : CU/EK - Leon E. Woods

SUBJECT: Inclusion of Husbands' Names in Biographic Register

It has now been decided by OPR to include in the next issue of the Biographic Register the names of the husbands of female officers.

Will you please complete the information requested below and submit to Mrs. Tilley, Room 4815A before April 10.

Name of Officer _____

Name of Husband _____

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The Culture of Bureaucracy:

Clots in the System

by Arthur L. Levin

In the spring of 1967 a man from a small town in Pennsylvania wrote a letter. His wife had gone to a district hospital to have her baby, and in the course of her delivery she hemorrhaged badly and needed blood. Unfortunately her blood type was rare and none was available. It had to be ordered from the Red Cross central blood bank; but by the time it arrived she had lost her baby and had been lucky to survive herself. When it was all over the man wrote to the Red Cross Regional Director. He wanted to know why his wife couldn't be supplied with the blood she needed in time.

The Red Cross official had no answer. But unlike most officials of large public service agencies he didn't just write back a form letter. He could have answered the bitter husband by saying that the Red Cross does the best it can, that his wife's blood type is shared by only one in a thousand persons, or with a multitude of other excuses. Instead, for reasons best known to himself, he sent the letter—along with one of his own—to the man's Congressman.

Once again, the whole matter might have been pushed aside. Fortunately, however, the Congressman was not one to do so. As a member of one of the Congressional committees that doles out money to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, he was disturbed by the man's story. He may have wondered how we can deliver a pint of blood to a battlefield casualty anywhere in Vietnam within hours, but can't do the same thing—despite our $13 billion health budget—for someone in Pennsylvania.

The Congressman wrote Surgeon General William H. Stewart, then chief of the nation's health services, and demanded an explanation. Less than a month later—rapid time for the bureaucracy—he had one. In fact, although the Congressman may not have known it, his letter had set off an investigation of the entire United States' blood banking industry.

This time, evidently, a *pro forma* reply was deemed inadequate. One of the Surgeon General's aides telephoned and said he wanted a complete report of all aspects of the United States blood situation from me, in my capacities as a physician and "special projects officer" at HEW. He supplied a list of persons whom I might contact in preparing the report.

"Put this one on the front burner," he said, without elaborating any further.

It didn't take me long to discover some of the dimensions of the problem. All over the nation, I found, there was a critical shortage of blood and blood products. What's more, this shortage was increasing each year as more people lived longer and more serious illnesses were treated. In many localities the need for

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Arthur Levin is with the Health Services Administration of New York City. This article is excerpted from his book, The Satisficers, *to be published by McCall Publishing in November.*

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blood outran the supply. Many cities had periodic crises when their blood banks ran out of blood.

But the growing need for blood was not the only aspect of the problem, for thousands of pints were wasted each year. They spoiled on the shelf because of inefficiencies in the blood banking business, despite the critical demands. "These critical demands," one Washington press release stated, "become more alarming when one considers the annual waste of blood. . . .in 1965 this waste amounted to 1.8 million units . . .28% of the total amount drawn annually."

For several years, I found, Congress had recognized the seriousness of the blood problem and had held hearings on it. Unfortunately, these hearings were largely devoted to representatives of the various blood banking organizations squabbling with one another. Interested Congressmen were hopelessly confused by the dozens of agencies, including the Red Cross and its subsidiaries, which supply blood. Each seemed to operate with little or no relation to any of the others, and each seemed to have its own standards of efficiency. A man living in Wilkes-Barre might pay twice as much for a pint of blood as someone living in Scranton, or vice versa. Processing charges for a pint of blood at Washington's Georgetown Hospital, the head of the Red Cross blood program told me, were $12. At another large hospital a few miles away, they were only $6. He had no explanation for the great difference.

"Blood Is Life"

Year after year, despite thousands of pages of testimony, the questions that concerned many Congressmen continued to go unanswered. Nobody seemed eager to testify on how to get blood to a small town in Pennsylvania more rapidly. None of the Congressional witnesses ever spoke about how efficiently their blood banks operated or presented figures to prove it. None ever spoke about how quickly they could supply a unit of rare blood, or at what cost. None of the witnesses seemed to have any explanation for why a man living in the District of Columbia might pay more for a pint of blood than his neighbor across the Potomac River in Arlington, Virginia.

In all the pages of testimony these questions got virtually no attention at all from the blood bankers. Instead they expended a great deal of energy telling Congress what a precious substance blood was.

"Blood is life," said Mrs. Bernice Hemphill earnestly. As head of one of the nation's largest independent blood banks, she thought blood banks should be exempted from the anti-trust laws.

"Blood is a living, human tissue," Dr. Rosser Mainwaring of the AMA agreed, as if this quality somehow made it less susceptible to price fixing.

The blood bankers seemed so preoccupied with the trust laws that they had little time for anything else. I asked the Red Cross official if he knew exactly how much Red Cross blood spoiled on

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the shelf each year. He had no idea. What's more, his agency—the nation's largest supplier of blood—had no plans for trying to find out.

My exploration of the blood business uncovered another somewhat disturbing fact. Practically nothing had been done in experimenting with new methods to collect and deliver blood. Again, the private blood banking interests were too busy fighting among themselves to give the problem much attention. What's more, the situation in the federal government was no less chaotic. More than a dozen federal agencies had something to do with regulating the national blood supply—and none had more than the faintest idea of what any of the others were doing.

The only government program which might have accomplished something in this tangle was the National Blood Resource Program—set up by Congress to try to solve the problem of delivering blood to people. "The staff of the National Blood Program," wrote an official responsible for the program, "is vitally interested. . .in seeking possible solutions to the problems of inadequate supply and inefficient utilization of the national blood resources."

One might assume, because of this vital interest, that the National Blood Program might have tried to alleviate the incredible waste of blood. Unfortunately, for a full year after it began the program had done nothing. I interviewed the director of the new program, Dr. James Stengle, who informed me that, although the government had the power to regulate virtually every blood bank in the nation, there had never been any standards set for how much wastage should be permitted. His program, he said, was begun in an attempt to make the most efficient use of the "national blood resource." But, he went on, his was a scientific program, not a regulatory one. He did not think it appropriate for the program to set standards to control waste.

It was not until about three weeks after the Congressman's inquiring letter to the Surgeon General that the program finally released to the public some of its goals. Among them, the program's managers said they would study the feasibility of a computerized national or regional daily shelf inventory system.

Evidently the program managers thought this inventory might help to eliminate some of the horrendous blood wastage. And with good reason. Such an inventory system had *already* proved feasible—two years before. As far back as 1965, the Lockheed Corporation had shown that they could use a computer to keep track of different types of blood and locate them instantly. Lockheed officials reported that blood wastage had been cut in half by the new system in an eight-month experiment.

Unfortunately, the remainder of the story had a familiar ring. No use was made of Lockheed's methods despite the fact that they were published almost immediately. The nation's blood bankers paid little or no attention; as far as they were concerned the Lockheed discovery went into the bottom drawer. So the National Blood Program was preparing to invest thousands of dollars to investigate a feasibility which had already been established—and ignored.

But it was the basic orientation of the Blood Program, rather than the weakness of any particular approach, which had made it ineffective in getting blood to people who needed it. The program had been assigned to the National Institutes of Health, HEW's research agency. And James Shannon, the NIH Director and thus the man with ultimate responsibility for the program, made it quite clear that he had no intention of getting his hands dirty in the blood mess. The Blood Program, he announced, would be happy to work with blood cells, and perhaps even computers, but people-problems were another thing.

"In our judgment," wrote Shannon, in a letter to Dr. Stewart, "the direct responsibility of NIH in this program ends with the development of the technology and the demonstration of its applicability of [sic] existing problems

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in the blood-banking field."

One afternoon, I went to the Pentagon to speak to Shirley Fisk, the Assistant Secretary of Defense in charge of health. He told me that the Defense Department managed to supply our fighting forces in Vietnam with vast amounts of blood without depending upon any of the civilian supply. He told me about the Navy's development of a new process for freezing blood so that it could be instantly thawed and used anywhere in the world.

I told Dr. Fisk that I saw no reason why the civilian use of blood shouldn't be as efficient as that of the military. I was convinced that the feuding blood bankers had to be brought together in some sort of national plan to improve the present muddled situation. I told him, with some confidence, how such a plan might be designed.

Dr. Fisk leaned back in his chair and peered over the tops of his sandy-rimmed eyeglasses at me. He shook his head kindly and smiled ever so slightly.

"You're young," he said, "and full of energy." He rose to usher me out. "I wish you luck."

While pondering Dr. Fisk's words, I recalled my conversations about blood with federal civil defense officials. I had not thought these interviews too important at the time—boring descriptions of how many thousand bottles of plasma were stockpiled across the nation for use after nuclear attack. But one thing stuck in my mind: in the event of a national emergency, there was supposed to be a plan for supplying blood to all civilians. This plan was the responsibility of HEW. The Defense Department had the same responsibility for all military personnel.

What bothered me was that I could not recall anything from my conversations about this plan, except that it was supposed to exist. What official in HEW was to have the responsibility for running it? How were supplies, such as blood, to be shared between HEW and the Defense Department? The Defense Department, I knew, had contracts with all major suppliers of blood, such as the Red Cross. These contracts, in the event of a national emergency, would automatically be "activated." Did HEW, I wondered, have any similar contracts?

I spoke again by telephone with several officials. They were as confused as I was. One told me that, as far as he knew, there was no emergency plan for distributing civilian supplies. He did not even know who would have the responsibility for running one, he said. The Surgeon General had assigned an aide to the Office of Emergency Planning, he went on, but this man had retired and had never been replaced.

I wrote my report on the blood situation and sent it out to the Surgeon General. The report set forth the problems I'd encountered and mentioned the seeming lack of a national emergency plan.

NIH Is Working on It

Several days after I'd completed my report, I received an envelope in the HEW internal mail marked "for your information." Inside I found a copy of a reply from the Surgeon General to the Congressman who had written him. The reply was dated several days before my report had been finished. It "responded" to the Congressman at length. It told him that the problem of blood wastage was really not so serious. And then it told him that the NIH was working hard to solve the problem. It told him of the plan to study the feasibility of using computers in blood banking. The reply, in fact, told the Congressman a great deal—except whether or not his constituent in Pennsylvania would have any better luck getting blood the next time he needed it.

Inside the envelope was another piece of paper. It looked as though it had perhaps been sent to me by mistake. It was a copy of a note to the Surgeon General from his Assistant Surgeon General, and it had evidently been sent to him along with the letter which had been prepared for the Congressman.

"This is just another in a series of

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Congressional expressions on this subject," read the Assistant Surgeon General's note to his boss.

I began to understand what Assistant Secretary Fisk's enigmatic smile had meant when he had wished me good luck. Suddenly I felt relatively confident I would hear little more about the blood situation.

What did the Pennsylvania man's letter ultimately accomplish? The discouraging answer is, very little. Though it reached the highest rungs of the federal government, it resulted in virtually no corrective action. Unfortunately, the officials who read the letter didn't have the slightest idea what to do about the whole problem. Someone proposed a commission to look into it. Someone else proposed that an inter-agency committee, composed of specialists from various government agencies, be formed. Someone else suggested more research and planning grants to study various aspects more fully. A special report was prepared for the Surgeon General, making him aware of the problem and making various recommendations. A letter was written to the Congressman assuring him that progress was being made—the same way other Congressmen had been reassured before. But there was no commission or committee or even a single consultant set to work to find basic solutions for the problem. There was no effort made to get the private blood bankers together to hammer out a plan for action. The officials did manage to decide who would be in charge of the blood supply situation in the event of a national emergency—but no plan was made for what would be done if such a situation ever occurred.

Now, at least, government officials can't say that they don't know that a problem exists—or how serious it is. But it will take many more letters, it seems, before they finally do anything about it. The whole sorry business will probably be forgotten, and our citizen in Pennsylvania will not have any better luck getting rare blood next year than he did last. ■

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Hans J. Morgenthau

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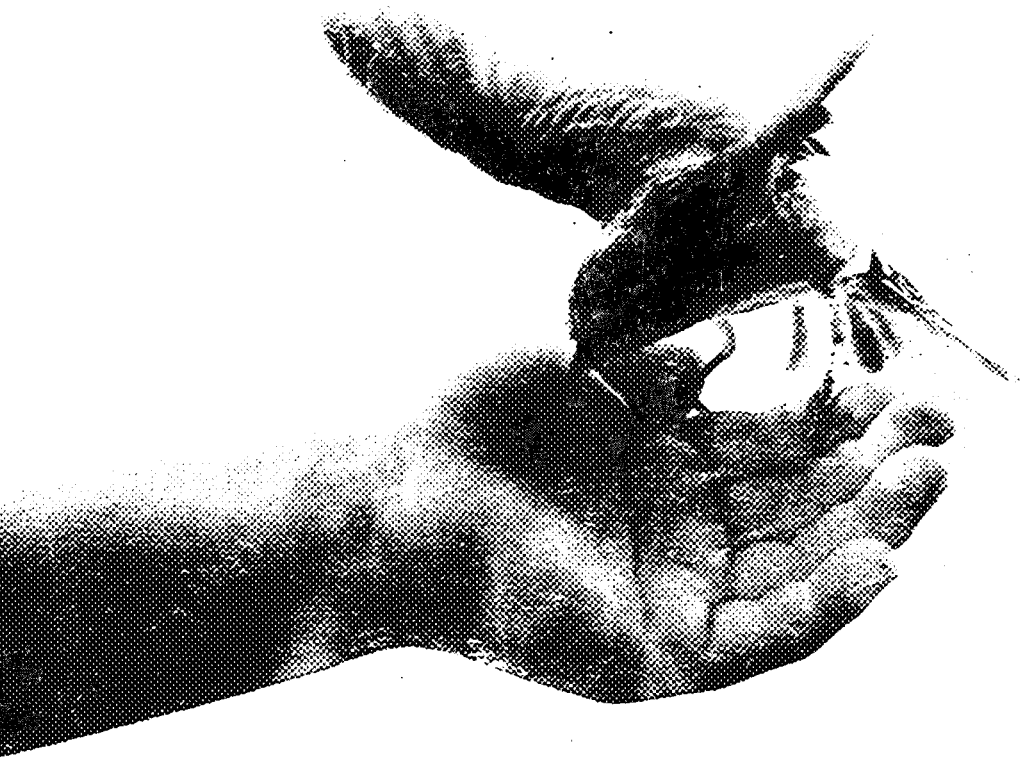

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